

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## IN TOWN.

Oh, the honeyed breath of heather!  
Oh, the scent of gorse in bloom

On the green and sunny uplands by  
the sea!

The soft wind bears their fragrance  
through the city's heat and  
gloom,

And my heart—my heart—is aching  
to be free.

I thought I loved St. Paul's, with its  
shining cross and dome,

And the bells that send their music  
far and wide;

But to-day I want to worship in the  
little church at home,

Where one ever hears the thunder of  
the tide.

How I long to wade knee-deep in the  
cool and pleasant grass

When the happy lark soars up to  
greet the day,

And the humble daisies curtsy as ca-  
ressing breezes pass

O'er the fields about the old home far  
away!

I wonder—oh! I wonder—if the rose  
still climbs the thatch?

Are the window-ledges gay with flow-  
ering musk?

Does my mother ever listen, with her  
hand upon the latch,

For a footstep coming homeward in  
the dusk?

If I might but say good-bye to the  
clamor and the din!

If some bird would lend me wings  
but for an hour,

Just to reach that quaint, low doorway  
where the sunlight filters in

Through a screen of yellow jasmine  
thick with flower!

Oh, the purple of the heather! Oh, the  
gold of gorse in bloom

In the bright and breezy uplands by  
the sea!

Kind memory paints their picture in  
this close and narrow room,

And to think—to think—how far they  
are from me!

*E. Matheson*

*Chambers's Journal.*

## A MEMORY.

Hard is the road that Duty takes:

I in London—you at the Lakes;

I in London's riot and roar—

You by the peaceful Rydal shore;

I in London's pestilent smell—

You in a fragrant Loughrigg dell;

I where no birds flutter and sing—

You where the delicate fly-catcher's  
wing

Poises and dips, while the nestlings call  
For mother and food from the garden  
wall,

Till the sun goes down, and the lilac  
shale

Of Nab Scar darkens above the dale.

But still I can dream of a cottage blest  
With earth's best happiness,—home  
and rest;

Can see in the fern the moving fleece  
Of the Herdwick mother who feeds in  
peace;

And well can remember how white at  
morn

Against blue distances shone the thorn;

Can hear the patter of horses' feet

Below us, that made the silence sweet.

And so, though the city is thronged  
and loud,

I can still each day be alone in the  
crowd.

Can still go the road that Duty takes,  
Though I am in London, you at the  
Lakes.

*The Spectator.*

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IN SUMMER WHEN THE VALES  
ARE CLEAR.

In summer when the vales are clear

And lowlands blithe with flowery  
lights,

How oft the great Alps disappear

And mists invade your foreheads, O  
ye sovran heights!

But when midwinter's bitterest power  
Must be endured, and blooms are  
done

And clouded all the valleys cower

Ye, mighty windless summits, do  
abide in sun!

*Herbert Trench.*

*The Saturday Review.*

## CIVILIZATION IN DANGER.

Civilized humanity at the present moment is undergoing profound transformations. Hardly fifty years ago it was composed of a certain number of groups that were easily recognized and possessed strongly marked characteristics: national groups to begin with, and local groups at a later stage. Each population, attached to its own soil, had its own clearly cut features, both physical and intellectual. Further, within the limits of every community, the various social classes, sharply differentiated from one another and clearly subordinated in their ranks, mingled but little, and were kept apart by their mode of life, education, and even dress.

All this is now tending to disappear. Little by little, democratic pressure on the one hand, material progress on the other, are tending to reduce the intervals. More and more nations and classes are mingling together.

What will issue from this chaos, and what will be the civilized humanity of the future? It is too early to offer a prediction, though it is possible to indicate certain changes which have even now begun.

What I here propose to sketch is the process of social levelling and its consequences. By social levelling is meant the gradual disappearance of human inequalities. I suggest that this process is to-day equally apparent from the material, the intellectual, and the moral point of view. The advantages to be expected from such a transformation are so plain that it would be superfluous to point them out. But, on the other hand, dangers are involved which, though perhaps more remote and less clearly discerned, are none the less extremely serious.

In brief, there is reason to fear that the process of social levelling may have

for its result a state of universal mediocrity. And this would mean the ruin of our civilization.

The object of the present article is to call attention to this peril, and then to indicate the reasons for hoping that we shall be able to escape it.

## I. SOCIAL UNIFORMITY.

A. *Material*.—A stranger arriving in Europe for the first time would surely be unable to distinguish, among the crowds which throng our streets on Sunday, masters from servants, rulers from ruled. Diversity of costume, which once served to indicate diversity of condition, and made it possible to distinguish at a glance, for example, the soldier from the lawyer, the peasant from the bourgeois, is almost completely effaced. All classes of society are clothed indiscriminately in garments of one type, and even in the remoter country districts, where until recently, the costumes of the past still survived, the uniform dress of the modern man has reduced originality and diversity to the rank of a souvenir.

In another direction, the low price of manufactures makes it possible to introduce, even into poor homes, almost all the articles of furniture formerly reserved for the houses of the privileged classes. There is no essential difference of composition between the furnishing of an artisan's parlor and that of a financier. Many working men, both English and American, have drawing-rooms exactly modelled, with piano included, upon the drawing-rooms of well-to-do citizens.

Evidence of the same levelling process is displayed in the forms of amusement. In former times, with the exception of public spectacles, processions, shows, or such like, each class in society had its own forms of amuse-

ment; the pleasures of the court were not those of the city, while theatrical performances and musical entertainments were still confined in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to a very limited public, which sufficed to fill the narrow spaces provided for their accommodation.

To-day there are no public entertainments save those which are intended for the world at large. Whether the entertainment provided takes the form of the drama, music, or sport, the crowd is invited, and its presence is indispensable for both financial and moral success.

It may therefore be said with truth that, from a material point of view, uniformity has succeeded to the variety of the past. Outwardly at least, man has become impersonal. The man whom we are going to meet round the next turning is no longer soldier, magistrate, artisan, but, quite simply, the man of to-day.

**B. Intellectual.**—In the intellectual sphere the same phenomenon of uniformity stands revealed. Go back a century and a half and you find that instruction, even of an elementary kind, was reserved for a select few. A man who could read and write, a clerk, could gain his living as a public writer by conducting the correspondence of the illiterate for a payment in return. To-day, on the contrary, instruction is compulsory in most countries of Europe, and will doubtless become so before long in all of them. Further, all young people who are not compelled to earn their living at once pass through colleges, gymnasia, or other institutions of secondary education. Even the universities, thanks among other things to the system of grants in usage everywhere, are widely open to all and have ceased to be the preserves of an aristocracy. It follows from this that the possession of knowledge is no longer a mark of superiority. Hence-

forth it is the possession, if not of all, at least of most.

Education having ceased to be a mark of superiority, has ceased also to be a weapon in the daily struggle for existence. The state of not being ignorant, or even that of possessing a moderate endowment of general knowledge, is a minor advantage in the gaining of a livelihood. It avails no longer to be acquainted with many things; it is more advantageous to know only one, but to know it thoroughly and to concentrate upon it. In other words, specialization is necessary.

Specialization arises, on the one hand, from the new extension of human knowledge, and on the other from the needs of the economic struggle. Not only are our brains hopelessly incapable of absorbing the accumulated gains of science, but the necessity of remunerative work prevents even those who desire to do so from paying attention to that which lies outside, the particular business by which they live. Specialization therefore will increase in exact proportion to the further growth of human knowledge.

It is easily foreseen that what remains of that general culture which has no direct utility, in the curriculum of institutions for secondary and even higher education, is destined to disappear. The programme of the "humanities" is nothing more than a mongrel compromise between the old ideal of encyclopædic knowledge, extending to all things human, and the practical necessities of the hour. What sense is there in designating "*classe de poésie*," "*classe de rhétorique*" as the *higher* college classes, on leaving which young men are supposed to be equipped for the battle in a community which cares next to nothing for poetry and fine diction? The study of Latin and Greek as it is understood nowadays—one may deplore the fact but not disguise it—would have been suppressed



already if, in these matters as in so many others, the public authorities were not following the movement instead of guiding it.

The result of these conditions is the following. As instruction spreads, culture diminishes.

A cultivated man is one who, whether or no he has made a special study of one branch of knowledge, is not entirely ignorant of any. He is a man to whom no expression of human intelligence or feeling is a matter of indifference, because his mind is opened wide enough to comprehend its bearings and to appreciate the effort involved. He is the man to whom, according to the saying of a Latin writer, "Nothing human is alien."

To produce such men was the object of the education of the past.

English education, which remains in its essential outlines an education of luxury and privilege, intended to form statesmen and a brilliant élite rather than practical men, still keeps close to this ancient ideal. The English ideal is not embodied in the engineer, the savant, the specialist, but in the man who is good all round, equally distinguished by his physical development and by the vigor of his intellect. Thus it is the degree of *Master of Arts* which marks the goal of his studies. Formerly it was the one and only degree conferring upon its possessor the investiture of encyclopædic knowledge; it is still the principal degree which gives access to responsible positions both in the Church and in education.

In Belgium and in France all that remains of this earlier type of education, as we have seen, is a number of ill-constructed programmes and phrases which have lost their meaning—"humanités, rhétorique, baccalauréat."

In Germany the remnant is even smaller. The programme of education is already developed in accordance with the needs of the economic strife, and

the term "Realschulen," applied to an important class of educational institutions, indicates with sufficient clearness that in them the brain of youth is not fed on dreams nor adorned with superfluous ideas.

Speaking generally, it may therefore be said that the cultivated man, as he has been described, is disappearing. In proportion as the individual develops along the path he has chosen as the means to his end, the level of general knowledge descends through sheer want of opportunity. Henceforth culture is to be a luxury; even the intellectual toilers no longer possess the leisure demanded by culture, which they sometimes despise. Even the graduates of universities, outside their own special subject, are often deficient in intellectual curiosity and the power of comprehension. And for this reason they, like their servants and the neighboring shopkeepers, are slaves to their daily paper.

For the great majority of modern men, if we except certain professional occupations, the daily paper is the only reading and the guide of opinion.

The daily paper is doubtless a kind of food easily digested by the mind, but of inferior nutritive power. Newspapers are indeed commercial enterprises first and foremost. Their success depends on pleasing the crowd, and to please the crowd you must needs put yourself at its level, which is of course the level of mediocrity.

It follows that the newspaper, outside of the general news which it is intended to spread, is frequently a deplorable display of banality if not of stupidity. The editor keeps an open shop for convenient impersonal opinions which will agree with everybody and be accepted without shock or effort by minds so seemingly different as that of a working man, of a university graduate, or of a landed proprietor.

The newspaper plays in the world

of ideas a part analogous to that of a great ready-made clothing establishment in the world of material things. Just as garments, boots, and hats are turned out in tens of thousands of uniformly repeated copies for the nameless crowd, so the Press is an industry for manufacturing opinions all complete at the average measure of the brains for which it works.

It is therefore an accurate statement that, alongside of the levelling process in things material, our age is producing an intellectual uniformity by substituting an instruction freely distributed among all in place of the culture reserved for a minority.

*C. Moral Uniformity.*—The man of to-day is deliberately living in the present. The influence of religions, which formerly detached so many minds from their immediate cares, is gradually diminishing. Even those whose emotional sensibility demands the consolations which religion offers, do not allow their convictions to interfere with their practical life. They also feel obscurely that before hoping for a better existence we must adapt ourselves to that of the present. To live the life of the present, to hold that it has no end beyond itself, that it is an end and not a means—such, at least in practice if not in theory, is the attitude of to-day.

It is good indeed to love life, and the whole of life. One ought indeed to fulfil life with such intensity as not to leave it without exhausting its emotions. The desire to be happy is the strongest incentive to our activity. And a purely human ethic in exalting that desire becomes fertile.

Unfortunately, in a time like the present, when, as we have seen, everybody has his share of education, everybody pretends to have opinions, and upon every subject. It follows that opinions run wild in the streets and get plentifully soiled by their dirt.

This is what has happened to the theory which is based upon the merely human ideal.

For the crowds the idea of happiness never extends beyond a limited circle of immediate and tangible satisfactions which can be bought with money. Since the fight for happiness is necessary and legitimate, they have drawn the inevitable conclusion that, in order to succeed, all means are justified, and success is the sole measure of the value of actions. Success under its most brutal form, which is monetary success, has almost become the exclusive object of universal endeavor. The modern ideal, instead of being merely human, has become utilitarian.

This mode of feeling is not new: mediocrity is eternal. But perhaps it has never been so nearly universal, and certainly it is the first time in history that utilitarianism has transformed itself into a dogma and become dominant everywhere.

To-day, indeed, utilitarian interests are not merely the foundation of the conduct of individuals; they rule even the politics of nations. These fight no longer for territory but for markets. They are less anxious to subjugate new countries to their power than to find in them a mart for their productions. Up-to-date monarchs look for their inspiration to the bank rather than to the army. Wars arise from the economic rivalries of peoples and not from the ambitious rivalries of kings. The collective ideal is therefore the same as the individual ideal—to get rich as soon as possible, and by every available means.

An example will show how this new conception is generalized. As in private life admiration and respect are accorded to those who have succeeded financially, so a kind of unanimous agreement has proclaimed the United States and Germany to be the first nations of the world. England and

Belgium still hold an honorable place in the prize-lists of this competition. France, on the contrary, is regarded as irremediably fallen, and certain of her own writers have been the first to announce her decadence. This is significant; for the United States and Germany are the nations which, before all others, are making money. In the society of nations they are *parvenus*, and it is precisely this which wins for them universal admiration.

It may therefore be fairly said that utilitarian interests are on the eve of causing all that lies beyond them to be forgotten. In the collective life the principal elements which compose the greatness of a people, which uphold the level of its civilization and confer value on its intellectual and artistic work are being neglected. In the individual life nobody troubles to ask himself whether, in a civilization turned exclusively in the direction of wealth, there remains any longer a place for art or beauty, or even for happiness. Men deliberately forget that the gratification of material wants does not achieve the happiness of a being who is really civilized, and that the Greeks, who held the first place among the peoples for intelligence and for art, were probably also the happiest of them all.

It is just here that the influence of this intellectual and moral uniformity which I have tried to describe is most plainly revealed. To offer resistance to the general tendency would be indeed the task of an aristocracy, since disinterested thought is a luxury, and because, further, the leisure and freedom of mind which material independence confers are almost indispensable for its cultivation.

Under the influence of this levelling process the so-called governing classes have ceased to be *higher* classes. They seem to have renounced the speech

which becomes an *élite* in order that they may follow the example of the crowd.

Since the crowd has become the dominant social power the attitude of these classes towards it may be summed up in two words—Abdication and Toadyism. Their politics, in presence of the claims of the masses, which every day become more and more explicit, bear a strange resemblance to that of those members of the Convention who, under the Reign of Terror, in voting against their own convictions for the condemnation of Louis XVI., unwittingly signed their own sentence of death. If the social uniformity towards which we are advancing with ever swifter steps should one day be fully attained, it will owe its realization to the suicide of the old aristocracies.

What remains of these old aristocracies, indeed, has but little concern in maintaining its intellectual supremacy, or in constituting itself as a social force and setting an effective example. The only effective aristocracy that survives is that of money, and it cares for nothing save augmenting its wealth or spending it without intelligence. The highest class to-day is a mere plutocracy.

To sum up, we may say that, in material respects, the levelling of society is especially evident in the slow ascent of the masses to better conditions. In moral and intellectual respects, on the contrary, it is being realized by the lowering of the *élite* to a uniform level with all the rest.

## II. THE CONSEQUENCES

The consequence of what has been described is the possible disappearance, after a relatively short interval, of every kind of social superiority. Indeed, a governing class never abases itself with impunity: an aristocracy, whose sole superiority to the masses

which it professes to lead is that of money, is doomed.

Bankruptcy such as this would be no subject for regret were it not to be feared that the slough of equality, in reducing the inequalities of fortune, may at the same time swallow up art and culture, which are civilization itself.

This fear is not illusory, and it may even be asserted that the movement has begun. The origin of the movement is the decay of general culture caused by increasing specialization. Democratic pressure accelerates its progress. It is indeed strictly logical that the passion for uniformity should assail not only superiority of fortune or position, but every kind of superiority whatsoever. The outcome is seen in the pretence of democratizing thought, literature, and art. People are coming to regard elegance and refinement as marks of degeneration, and luxury, even when intelligent, as a crime against the masses. Not only has the name of aristocrat become a term of reproach, but "intellectual" is equally discredited. Even beauty, to have an excuse, must be collective, and it has become the fashion to treat the beauty of woman as a means to that of the race.

And yet every great achievement in civilization is the work of higher individuals rather than of masses, and genius is of all things the most anti-democratic.

If the actual tendency increases, humanity will probably pass through a stage of sordid ugliness. An age of vulgarity is the logical outcome of an age of uniformity, and universal mediocrity is but another name for the levelling of society.

To get a foretaste of this reign of universal mediocrity towards which our civilization is drifting, it will suffice to take a walk any Sunday afternoon in certain districts on the outskirts

of London. Here are to be seen interminable streets bordered by little houses built on the same model, with the identical bow-window and the same miniature garden indefinitely repeated. Here one meets, not working men, but frequent and similar groups of unpretending and respectable bourgeois, all dressed in precisely the same manner. Nothing disturbs the ennui of these streets—no shop, no public-house; for these neighborhoods are absolutely peaceful. And one reflects that nothing will ever break the gray monotony of the existence which keeps its even tenor in such surroundings. The vision rises of lives perfectly regulated, exempt from surprises, well protected from catastrophe, but hopelessly closed against the entry of great emotions. One feels on all sides the presence of small intelligences, honorable and upright and furnished with practical common sense, but absolutely impervious to every great idea and to the highest type of culture.

No doubt such an impression is superficial, but it serves to suggest clearly enough what civilization would be were all social inequalities abolished, and the level attained of that material, intellectual, and moral equality the first signs of which have just been indicated.

### III. MEANS OF DEFENCE.

One cannot but conclude that such uniformity would be fatal to human happiness. And on that account means must be sought to resist its coming.

Material uniformity is perhaps inevitable; perhaps it is even desirable, on condition that it comes about by raising the condition of the masses, and not by the abasement of those who govern them. One could contemplate without regret an age when wealth would be unknown, provided that distress were unknown also.

Nevertheless it is essential to preserve an aristocracy. A civilization without aristocracy is of inferior type; it is the civilization of bees or ants, not of human beings. For the more mankind realizes the perfection of its capacities the more complex it becomes and the more highly individualized and differentiated. To suppress inequalities is therefore to revert to lower forms. It is as though, in the manifold efflorescence of human nature, one were to replace the complexity and variety of the rose—result of the patient efforts of many generations—by the simple uniformity of the primitive eglantine.

But, in order to survive, the aristocracy of the future must support its claims on superiority of talent and of character rather than on the privilege of birth or on money. It must deliberately endeavor to be, before all else, an aristocracy of the intellect.

The aristocracy of the intellect exists already, but it lacks cohesion and is unconscious of the necessity of fighting to avoid being submerged by the democratic flood. It fails to see that the prerogatives of talent and merit being left undefended are slowly approaching the verge of extinction. It is almost always silent, even when it would be fitting to make itself heard.

It is not too late to establish a strong combination of forces in opposition to universal mediocrity. In this endeavor the help of writers and artists would be essential, but upon one condition—they must be men of culture rather than specialists.

Just as, in the world of business, there exist machines for making money—Octave Mirbeau has immortalized this type in *Isidore Lechat*<sup>1</sup>—so there exist also machines for making books and machines for painting. From them no help can be derived.

But for genuine artists who live in

<sup>1</sup> *Les affaires sont les affaires.*

the work which they create, an active part may be reserved. For the diverse activities of man must be understood and appreciated before the attempt can be made to guide them. In this respect it is more important to judge wisely than to have learnt much, and therefore culture is of more value than information—in particular, the specialized information of to-day. The aristocracy of the future, if it would survive, must be an aristocracy of feeling and of manners as much as, and more than, an aristocracy of intellect.

From this point of view it is obvious that women will be able to render valuable assistance in defending the rights of culture in the midst of our utilitarian civilization. Distinctly inferior to man in point of intelligence, woman is probably his superior in respect of feeling and the fineness of her perceptions. Ignorance is natural to her, but equally natural is the gift of rapid assimilation. She easily acquires what Molière has justly called *clartés de tout*; and this enables her to discuss with charm even those matters of which she has no exact knowledge.

The culture she can claim somewhat superficial though it may be, answers to certain deep needs of her nature. She is ill-content with a shabby environment and the lack of wide horizon. Even when circumstances impose such limitations upon her, she seeks to escape from them by means of the imagination. Her dream is often commonplace and sometimes dangerous, like that of Mme. Bovary; but none the less it lifts her beyond herself, and equally beyond her male companion, whom she far surpasses by her illimitable craving for the ideal.

Hence it comes to pass that every form of activity which answers to this need of the ideal, and which is derived from it, finds in woman an ally and a sympathizer. For this reason art and literature, in particular, have



in women their most attentive public and their firmest friends.

Notwithstanding this, woman has not herself produced any work of the first eminence. But she is the inspirer of it in others, and, in the deepest sense, it is for her that man does his work. She understands, or rather she feels, that each endeavor to refine and perfect the sensitiveness of our nature draws us nearer to herself and expands her empire; and therefore her suffrages are instinctively given to all who succeed in that attempt.

The more perfect the social state becomes, and the more human nature is enriched on its sensitive side, the more will the influence of woman increase. Woman, who in inferior states of civilization is a slave, has raised herself little by little to the position of great power in contemporary society.<sup>2</sup>

Woman has therefore a direct interest in resisting the ruin of art and culture, of which she is the chief benefactress. For, in a civilization purely utilitarian, positive and uniform, whence luxury and leisure had alike been banished, she would be hopelessly condemned by her economic inferiority to a subordinate position.

The aristocracy of the intellect, artists, women—such are the social forces which may combine for the defence of the menaced culture of mankind. The

*The Hibbert Journal.*

time has not yet come to despair of the future of civilization. Art and beauty, which constitute its essence, have still too many lovers to be regarded as the objects of a fatal threat. None the less we need to be on our guard; for the perils here indicated are very real, and they increase from day to day.

Civilizations are more apt to perish by slow decadence than by sudden catastrophes, as the civilizations of Arabia and China bear witness. An analogous fate is perhaps reserved for our own. Our civilization is being sustained by the rapid advance of science, which continually opens new realms for our aspirations. But let the day arrive when social inequalities shall have disappeared, and individual initiative will forthwith come to an end. Science herself will be arrested. This would mean a gradual stagnation, until the day when some fresh wave of life propelled from without would come to revive our dying energies and rouse them to fresh dreams.

To find a new dream! The world has grown so old and become so cramped in spirit that the task is difficult. Were it not better to save from dying the flame we have kept burning even till now, and which, if tended by pious hands, may yet give forth a beautiful light?

*René-L. Gérard.*

## IN ICELAND.

It was by the merest accident that I paid a visit in August last to Iceland, a country which I had never thought of including even in my dreams of

<sup>2</sup> It is a remarkable fact that, at the very moment when woman has attained a social status to which she has never before even approached, she begins to complain of her lot. The reforms which she demands, while conferring upon her a theoretical equality with man, would make her his victim, since she is weaker than he. But women refuse to recognize that the barriers which surround them are far more of a protection than a disability. Launched into life, how soon would her wings be broken!

travel. But it happened in this way: a party of friends, weary of waiting beyond the end of July for the English summer, which seemed to have been postponed indefinitely, determined to start off on a yacht and visit the North Cape and the ultimate fjords of Norway. We had armed ourselves with a library of books of travel in the regions which we hoped to explore, and so, fully equipped, left Euston Station



for Oban, where we were to meet the yacht. But, within an hour of reaching our destination, our host received a telegram whose contents determined him to shorten his holiday by several weeks; wherefore, after a brief consultation, all our plans were altered, and Iceland became our objective instead of Northern Scandinavia.

From Oban it was a few days' sea-journey to Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland; but into those four days inexorable fate managed to crowd the maximum of discomfort from fog and cold and Atlantic swell. Nevertheless, the philosophy of our combined party was summoned to endure these passing hardships, and the result was entirely satisfactory. The only thing that really worried us was the fact that none of us knew anything about Iceland, neither where to go nor what to see. The ship's library, rich in travellers' tales about Africa and Asia and America, contained no volume that could shed a single ray of light upon the outer darkness of our ignorance. Somebody remembered having seen a telegram a few weeks earlier, saying that Iceland was enjoying a really hot summer, a statement which reminded somebody else that "Iceland" is not the proper name of the country, but "Island"; and this fact gave considerable comfort to those who imagined that we were steaming into the frozen regions of the North Pole. These grains of information, coupled with the news (extracted from some technical handbook discovered in the chart-room) that Iceland is larger than Ireland, and not, as many imagine, about the size of the Isle of Wight, completed our foreknowledge of the country upon which we were about to descend.

After rounding the cape at Reyknaes, we got into comparatively still water beneath a cloudless blue sky, elements which restored the company to its normal state of cheerfulness and

intelligence. General interest was once more aroused when we heard that a whale could be seen spouting to starboard: kodaks appeared to snapshot the whaler in pursuit, or even the lonely trawlers making their way back over the ocean to the east coast of England. The naturalist of the party at last secured an audience for his sapient remarks upon the birds, of the auk and other tribes, which abounded. It was plain that we were in the presence of a great and comfortable calm. Once only did we stop before beuding into the bay at Reykjavik, to board a Grimsby fishing-smack and fill up with "sea-food" of every variety. The men had just had their second haul, and the deck was alive with hundreds of fish of all sorts and sizes and colors; in fact, their *embarras de richesses* was only equalled by our *embarras de choix*, which we solved by paying ten shillings and a bottle of "Glenlivet" for three pails full of cod and halibut, and other delicacies of the deep whose names I do not recall. Thus replenished, we steamed another ten miles, and finally cast anchor off Reykjavik, a small fishing-town without either character or pretension.

Yet it is the oldest inhabited spot in Iceland, the home of the first colonist from Norway. Following the traditional custom of the Vikings, one Ingolf Arnason took with him upon his ship the pillars of his high seat from the home that he had left in Norway; then, as he sighted the unknown land, he threw these pillars overboard, with the determination to fix his new habitation on the spot where they should finally be washed ashore. Landing himself on the eastern part of the south coast, he followed the seaboard westward on foot; and, after three years of wandering, he found his pillars in this little bay, where now stands the chief town of the island.

The "capital," yes; but it has only

3500 inhabitants, who live in humble wooden dwellings which straggle along in three roads parallel to the seashore. There are a few stone houses, too, none more than one story high, and a museum and a cathedral and a "place." Half a dozen rickety jetties extend out to the water, and these are crowded with boats and people. The inhabitants are paying no attention whatever to the fine ship that has just steamed in, but are attending the daily fish-market and carrying away their purchases in small tin buckets. So much we could see from the deck.

You land at Reykjavik, and feel instinctively that you are in the heart of an old-world life, which moves slowly and very reluctantly toward the voice of progress that is ever calling to her across the sea. All is tranquil and very calm; there are no railways or tramcars or steam-whistles, no barrel-organs or street-cries, no wheeled traffic, and no beggars. There are a few shops, but of quite a primitive kind, although sufficient for the needs of the whole island. The tourist, properly so called, is disappointed at first. He feels that he can take nothing away with him from Reykjavik, either intellectually or materially. This little capital is so different from all others that he has visited in Europe or America, where nationality proclaims itself from the housetops and invites the foreigner to investigate its peculiarities. Not so in Iceland. The short, square, rugged men, with high complexions and bearded faces, regard the stranger with courteous equanimity, and ride off down the street on their shaggy little poales to work or dinner; the women, in their charmingly staid costumes, continue their purchases or their gossiping, even though a shipload of oddly-dressed Teutons surge into the High Street. They are all-sufficient for themselves, these cloistered Icelanders. But, if chance favors you, and gives

you an opportunity of making friends with but a few of them, you will find much that is interesting and sympathetic behind that indifferent exterior. I should say, though on very slight acquaintance with the natives of town and country, that they are a race of "sahibs," of Nature's ladies and gentlemen, kind-hearted and upright and sober, well educated and courteous, patriotic and splendidly independent. Nobody is rich, but nobody is destitute; and the curious prevailing contentment with the merest necessities of life must be held to account for the widespread indolence which distinguishes the race.

Similarly, in the shops there is no "window-dressing" to attract or tempt the traveller. You have to dive through a gloomy little door into the darkened chamber to find those rare and native manufactures so dear to the heart of the globe-trotter; but, having done so, you are well repaid if your ambition does not soar too high. Old Mr. Pall, at the top of the street, is a dear old silver-worker, who copies ancient Icelandic ornaments that are marvels in delicacy of design; and he sells them to you at a price fixed by the weight of silver plus the cost of labor. He also buys cheap German silver cigar and cigarette cases, and embellishes these with colored representations of the Midnight Sun, or of Hecla in eruption! But he is an erudite old gentleman, who has picked up a smattering of most European languages, and has written an excellent Icelandic-French grammar which is, I believe, the only one of its kind. Again, there is another shop called "the bazaar," through whose dingy windows you can faintly discern some inanimate figures and a few pieces of old silver. Within, the jumble is really entertaining in its variety. There are stuffed birds and beasts, skins and furs, silver and gilt ornaments, carved chairs and whips and toys, garments of all sorts—native

and continental—boots and shoes, household utensils, and almost every other human requisite. But most attractive of all are the saleswomen, attired in the raiment of the country, their fair hair plaited and coiled beneath a tiny black cloth skull-cap, adorned with a long silk tassel threaded through a silver ring. They wear low black bodices, relieved by a colored kerchief tied in a flowing bow and fastened with a silver brooch of some antique design, and a black apron of wool or silk covers a dark-colored skirt, whose only ornament is a broad flowered border at the bottom. They ape none of the ways of the modern shop-lady. They appear to be almost indifferent as to whether you buy or no. But if you betray some interest in hearing about the costumes of the island, their apathy disappears. They will ransack whole cupboards to find festal garments that are rapidly becoming more rare, and you will be tempted to invest in the crowns and Phrygian caps which encircle and support the gauzy veils that decorate the ladies' heads on high-days and holidays in Iceland.

Shopping in Reykjavik goes thus far and no further for the tourist, and he will therefore turn his attention to the main objects of interest in the town. Probably the museum will please him best, with its admirable collection of Icelandic antiquities, weapons and wood-carving being the most prominent features of the exhibition; but real importance also attaches to a rich assortment of ecclesiastical furniture and ornaments, of altar-pieces and crucifixes and embroidered robes. The visitor should not fail to notice the ancient Icelandic loom which continued in common use until the middle of the eighteenth century, a loom which is in all respects similar to those employed by the ancient Greeks and Egyptians.

I do not know that I can recommend the cathedral, a most ordinary-looking building, whose internal decoration is uncommonly bad; yet it does contain one thing of beauty, a small marble font by Thorwaldsen. It was the celebrated sculptor's gift to his native town, and bears an inscription in which he calls Iceland his Fatherland. There remains but the Althing, or House of Parliament, to see before bidding farewell to Reykjavik. For some unknown reason the natives imagine it to resemble "some of the Renaissance palaces of Florence, such as the Palazzo Strozzi." As a matter of sober fact, it is a very ordinary stone building, such as might be occupied by a small employer of labor outside Birmingham or Manchester. Within its walls sit the Upper and Lower Houses, consisting of fourteen and thirty-two members respectively, the Commons being elected by men over twenty-five years of age, who pay not less than four kroners a year to Government, and the Senate begin chosen partly by Government and partly by the Commons. The Chambers only sit every second year, and when they disagree a conference is held and a two-thirds majority decides the question. I attended one sitting of the Commons, standing, or rather crouching, in a miniature gallery, and looking down into a small square room in which the representatives of the people sat in a semi-circle, with their President in the centre and the Minister of Denmark beside him. This last-named official (who corresponds somewhat to the Governor of the Isle of Man, I imagine) was having rather a difficult time, as he was trying to persuade the Icelanders to spend a good deal more money upon the impending reception of the King of Denmark than they seemed inclined to do. Not that the Radical party felt a spark of disloyalty toward their ancient ally on the Continent of

Europe, but they felt—as in duty bound to their “progressive” constituents—called upon to remonstrate against any expenditure which might infer subservience. They were the more stimulated to expostulate on this occasion as somebody had just invented a brand new Icelandic flag—a white cross on a blue ground—which the daring spirits intended to flaunt above the Danish Standard at the time of the Royal visit!

It was the one modern thing that I saw in Iceland, this frock-coated assembly of lawgivers. They seemed to inhabit somewhat uneasily this tabernacle of wood and stone; they whose ancestors for a thousand years had held their Parliament and promulgated their laws from the ancient plain of Thingvellir, where white glaciers, blue mountains, high cliffs, lend dignity and beauty to the scene; where the river Oxara falls in a foaming flood from the mountains into the green plain, and the heavens themselves are mirrored in the waters of the largest lake in Iceland. How different must have been the legislative session of those olden days from that which I saw! I quote a picturesque description of it from an Icelandic book:

For the two weeks over which the Althing extended Thingvellir presented a brilliant and varied scene. From all quarters ride the chiefs with their followers to the assembly, their bright weapons glancing in the sunshine; by the side of many a chief ride gaily dressed ladies, his wife and daughter, or kinswomen. In an instant the whole plain is alive with men and horses. Friends who have not met for years, greet each other; some unharness their horses and lead them away to graze; some arrange and store their baggage; some are building new booths, and some repairing old ones or spreading the awnings over them. At once there rises a whole village of booths, with green turf walls covered by white awnings. Thursday

is occupied in getting the booths into order and settling down generally. On Friday and Saturday the multitude crowds round the Lögberg (Hill of Laws) to hear the Speaker (lögsgymadur) recite the Laws of the land, and on these days also the judges are appointed and the courts constituted. On Sunday the real work of the Assembly begins, when the legislative council holds its first meeting. On Monday the courts begin to sit, and thenceforward the work goes on vigorously for the rest of the time of Assembly, in a constant succession of councils, judgments, proclamations on the Hill of Laws, etc. The intervals of this serious business are filled up with various relaxations. Men visit each other in the booths, woo the fair daughters of the chieftains, wrestle on Fangabrekka, or listen to the narratives of some good story teller; for it was the custom that he who knew most tales and could tell them best recited his narratives aloud, while the people crowded around to listen.

No traveller should miss seeing this historic spot, albeit there remain but few traces of its past glories. Nor should he, before leaving Reykiavik, omit a journey out to Geysir, the celebrated hot-spring which has made the name of “geyser” famous throughout the world. It is a comfortable two-days’ trip from the capital, and—if the spring is in eruption—well worth the time spent, not only on account of the peculiar characteristics of the spring itself, but also because the path leads through typical Icelandic scenery.

After visiting these places, and having sampled the capital deep-sea fishing in the bay, we left Reykiavik, feeling that the possibilities of enjoyment were far from exhausted, since we had no time for the numerous excursions in search of scenery and sport which Helgi Zöega (the Thomas Cook & Son of the island) suggested for our amusement. Our destination was the Hval (Whale) fjord, about two hours’ steaming west of Reykiavik. The scenery

had not the variety or the charm of the Norwegian fjords, yet it was massive and lonely and impressive. We landed in a little bay, where there was no sign of human habitation, and made our way inland to the farmstead of an old burgher, who owned the fishing on an excellent little salmon river which we were anxious to try. It was a difficult walk, especially for the ladies, over rocks and broken lava shingle, but memorable on account of the wonderful variety of sea-birds that we encountered. Golden plover and snipe called to us in confidence, sea-swallows and magpies and gulls innumerable circled in the air above our path, elder-ducks and puffins trotted along the shore in front of us. At length we reached the farmhouse, a turfed and timbered dwelling, and our incursion caused no little surprise. The old proprietor was out in his hayfields, with a score or so of young men and maidens; all hands at work, making the most of the sunshine. Nothing could have exceeded their kindness to us. A rich meal of coffee and cakes and jam was spread out in the guest-chamber, and horses were afterwards provided to take us down to the river—a most attractive arrangement of rocky pools and waterfalls—in which the salmon were rising by the dozen, declining to be caught by fly or minnow, or anything except the homely worm.

Thus shooting snipe and wild-duck, or fishing, the days passed most agreeably. They are charming people, these upland families in the back of beyond. Their hospitality is so real, nothing seems to be too much trouble for them. The men, it is true, are indolent, and not remarkable for many of the manly virtues; but they are well educated and delightful in conversation. Their women-folk are held of smaller account; they do the rough work in and about the farms, and the daughters of the house may not even sit down to eat until they have served the men of the

party. But, to the eye of the foreigner, they are certainly the superior sex, and we all fell victims to their captivating features and voices. It is, indeed, hard to realize that such charm can exist in surroundings so primitive, for life is primitive indeed where it is customary for the youths of both sexes in a household (not even of the same family) to sleep in the same great "Badstofa," or general living-room. The bathing system, too, would not exactly satisfy the requirements of some censorious and twentieth-century persons; for, as a rule, the whole family indulges simultaneously, though very occasionally, in a vapor bath, which is procured by lighting a fire beneath a cairn of stones, which become white-hot, and then pouring buckets of cold water over them. Clouds of steam fill the bath-chamber, and the bathers invigorate one another with rudimentary massage. Of course, these old-time habits are now confined to isolated hamlets, and have long been impossible in the capital or trading centres, where the hot-springs can often be requisitioned and adapted to serve the purposes of the most elegant bathroom.

A summer Sunday is a great day in the villages of Iceland. There is no work—if the hay is all in—and from each farm a cavalcade of men and women and children on sturdy little ponies proceeds to the village church. From far and near they gather together and gossip over the news of the week until the parson arrives on his pony, and the bells begin to ring, the signal for the worshippers to enter the church. Service over, the general circle reforms and the isolation of six days is all forgotten in the cheerful reunion of the seventh. At these gatherings the traveller has the best opportunity of seeing the quaint old customs which are so distinctive of the Icelanders. He will also come across the finest specimens of the native breed of ponies, which



are collected by traders from the upland farms, and shipped from the coast in hundreds to Leith, whence they are dispersed to the coal-mining districts of Great Britain.

Such is my imperfect memory of a delightful trip to Iceland, a veritable Haven of Rest in an age when all other countries are striving after progress and money. But our visit was too short to exhaust all the possibilities of the island, which can still offer sporting and scenic attractions that are difficult to beat. Another time I shall be greatly tempted to arrange for a caravan of ponies and strike across country from Reykjavik to the North, returning either by the east or west coast. Such a journey was performed

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

last year by a couple of young English officers of my acquaintance, who were loud in their praises of the shooting and fishing to be obtained for little more than the asking. Their only difficulty—and who has not experienced it in some part of the world?—was with the guides, who left something to be desired though they were by no means indispensable. My friends dismissed their cicerone, when only half way through their tour. What was their surprise, on returning to Reykjavik, to find him established as Governor of the State Prison, a proud official, resplendent in a green-and-gold uniform, ready to take his part in the great reception which awaited the King of Denmark.

*Ian Malcolm.*

## THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### THE HOUR.

Arbuthnot had called at the Orphanage and asked to see Janie, and Sister M'Kay, after scrutinizing him with great interest, had resigned the office to them for half an hour, since the nurses had here no room in which to receive visitors. Janie had innumerable things to ask about the conflict with the fakir.

"And you had really been tracking him all the time? But don't you think it was rather a risk to leave it so long? He very nearly succeeded, you know."

"But I had nothing against him before. All my shadowing had only resulted in showing him to be a particularly peaceable old person, not in communication with any suspicious characters, and apparently unarmed. He had the dagger hidden in his *lathi*, you see, like a sword-cane, and it was when he went to fetch it that I slipped into his place in the front row. I do see now that I ran it rather fine, but

I thought I had provided for everything by getting Brooke to intersperse a dozen of the men among the crowd just at hand. I suppose I was trying to keep an eye on the fakir and the carriage at the same moment, for the old miscreant managed to slip between the troopers like an eel, and was on the carriage step before I could follow."

"And has Lord Williams sent for you to thank you?"

"Oh, yes, I've been thanked all right."

"Did you go to him in your disguise?"

"Rather not! The second fakir has disappeared. I went as the Shikari officer who accounted for the assassin."

"And was Lord Williams nice?"

"Awfully! Promised me the work I should have chosen out of the whole world if I'd been asked." He leaned forward and spoke in a low voice, and Janie grew pale.

"If you like it, I am glad," she said at last, with a little gasp.



"Like it? Of course I do. But I wanted just to tell you." He rose abruptly, and held out his hand. "Good-bye. You will think of me sometimes, won't you? I wanted you to know what I was doing."

"Oh yes, of course. Good-bye. And when do you start?" asked Janie incoherently.

"To-day, I think— No; to-morrow, I mean. God bless you." He went out, but returned, and shut the door again. "I say, I can't bear to think of you at the front like this. You wouldn't go home, I suppose?"

"Certainly not," with some asperity.

"And you wouldn't go to the Thorpes? They are settled at Akhbarabad for the present, and she would be delighted to have you. I should feel so much easier in my mind——"

"So long as there is work for me here, and Sister M'Kay will keep me, here I shall stay," said Janie, with decision.

"I beg your pardon, I didn't mean to dictate." He opened the door again, paused in the doorway, and returned a second time. "Promise me that you will make use of Brooke if you are in any difficulty. Anything in the way of help or advice, you know— He'll be delighted——"

"If Mr. Brooke is within reach, I will be sure to ask his advice." She spoke with a kind of hard distinctness.

"Thanks. I should be happier if I knew you had some one. Good-bye. I said it before, didn't I? Good-bye again, then."

He was really gone this time, it seemed, for she heard him walk down the passage. But while her ears were still strained to listen, he came back a third time. She could only look at him dumbly.

"I wanted to tell you," he said hurriedly, "that I have put my life into your hands on purpose. I wouldn't have gone if Williams had refused to

let me tell you where I was going. I— I thought you would like to know."

Janie was incapable of speech, but she forced her face into a contortion which she hoped would do duty as a smile. Suddenly the hands with which she was gripping the edge of Sister M'Kay's desk were seized and held.

"Janie, I can't go without telling you. I made up my mind I wouldn't—I know I ought to leave you free—but I can't. Could you—when I come back, I mean—could you care for me a little?"

The pain in her throat made it impossible to say a word, and when she tried to look at him, her eyes fell before his. He released her hands, and she pressed them to her breast to keep herself from sobbing. He was speaking again, rapidly, apologetically.

"Forgive me; I oughtn't to have done it. Don't be afraid; I shan't bother you. Forget all about it."

Janie spoke to some purpose. "Wretch!" she said, and sat down in Sister M'Kay's chair and wept. In a moment he was kneeling beside her, entreating her not to cry, offering to go away, but not attempting to do so, promising never to come near her again if she did not wish it. Her mingled feelings expressed themselves in exasperation, though whether with herself or him she could not have told. "Why—won't—you—understand?" she managed to utter between her sobs.

"Understand what? You don't mean——? But why do you look at me and look away without speaking? And you said I was a wretch."

"So you were—and are." Janie had succeeded in finding her handkerchief, and was beginning to recover herself. "You told me to forget all about it. As if I could!"

"Then you don't mind my having spoken to you?"

"Mind! when you had done every

possible thing to show me that you cared, except just speaking."

"I know I oughtn't to have done it. But yet, if you knew——?"

"You ought to have done it. How was I to know that you meant it, otherwise? Don't you see how much nicer it is to feel that we belong to each other, that perhaps when I am praying for you, you may be saying at that very minute, 'God bless——' " her voice failed.

"God bless my Janie," said Arbuthnot, very softly. "I shall say it very often."

"Oh, I don't want you to go!" cried Janie, breaking down again. "I can't bear to think of your running such risks. If I ask you, won't you——? Oh, I am trying to keep you back from your duty! I won't be a coward. I'll try and be like Burree."

"Brooke said I ought to tell you, but I thought it wasn't fair. Doesn't it make it worse for you?"

"No, of course not. Mr. Brooke is a very understanding man—for a man. But it was horrid of you to talk to him about me."

"Why, wouldn't you have talked to Miss Weston about me?"

"Of course, but that's quite different. Men always make jokes about really important things. I know."

"Neither of us did, I promise you." Arbuthnot wisely refrained from either disputing the accuracy or inquiring the source of Janie's knowledge of men. "But there's one thing I meant to remind you of before I spoke to you, dear. I believe I ought to have written, after all. You see, I know how my mother hated it, and I don't think I could stand it if you ever looked at me as she did sometimes. The Begum is my great-grandmother, and nothing can alter it."

"If the Begum objects to me as little as I do to her, I think you will have a very peaceful life," said Janie, trying

to speak lightly. "Are you afraid?"

Arbuthnot looked into her eyes. "No," he said; "I am not afraid."

In the crowd of officers of all ranks that thronged Farishtabad and its cantonments, the absence of one lieutenant of Mounted Infantry passed almost unnoticed. Mr. Brooke missed his right-hand man, and to Janie the blank would have been rather less if the whole army had vanished and Arbuthnot remained, but only one other person seemed even to be aware of his existence. Lord Williams visited the Antony Hospital, and to her infinite confusion Janie found herself called up and presented by Sister M'Kay. A kindly greeting, and the promise to send her, through Mr. Brooke, any news that might arrive as to her lover's movements—and she returned to her colleagues, who could not help considering the honor done her a little excessive. After all, the Shikaris had only turned up in time to account for the assassin, they said; the real hero was the poor fakir who had been put out of the way without any one's troubling to make a fuss about him. Janie accepted the rebuke with outward meekness and inward pride, and was rewarded by twice receiving tidings of Arbuthnot. Once another secret agent had seen him at Dera Galib Khan, and later on, a friendly chief—whose friendship was necessarily dissembled with great care—managed to send word that he had entered the Sarasgala Pass. After that he disappeared, and Sunday after Sunday Mr. Brooke met Janie with the least perceptible shake of the head.

In the meantime, work went on without waiting for the return of the messenger. The age-long feud between the Civil and Military Services slumbered in presence of the crisis—or perhaps the civilians were not entirely blind to the increased power and inde-

pendence they derived from the pre-occupation of a Viceroy who was present avowedly as a soldier for the purpose of putting an end to the war. In any case the government was carried on with the minimum amount of friction, and the demands of the military authorities were met with surprising willingness. The Granthistan troops were being reorganized under the Viceroy's own eye, with the assistance of the English veterans, many of whom had served under him in earlier years, while the Commander-in-Chief, who was willing to confess that he knew more of the general principles of war than of the Indian application of them, applied himself specially to the work of co-ordinating the two armies to be employed in the intended advance. There was no lack of recruits for the broken native regiments, for white-bearded men came in from all points of the compass to offer their services to their old commander, bringing with them sons and nephews duly grounded in fabulous accounts of his exploits. There was also a continuous stream of refugees from Granthistan proper, who crossed the Ghara on inflated skins and made their way to the nearest British post with tales of ruin and outrage endured at the hands of the Scythians and their wild allies from Ethiopia and the frontier tribes, and from these the depleted ranks of the transport and commissariat drivers and coolies were refilled. Some one compared the British position to the lion's cave of classical fame, in that from it there were *vestigia nulla retrorsum*, for the fugitives were not allowed to linger in the neighborhood of the river, but shepherded to a safe distance behind it, where they were enlisted or employed on relief works according to their age and strength.

The account they brought of the Scythian conquerors was eminently calculated to console the British mind.

A certain number of their tribal allies, like the Moguls and Rohillas of earlier centuries, had been rewarded with *jaghirs* in various parts of Granthistan, and were keeping things alive by the guerilla war waged between them and the rightful owners, while those for whom no land could be found, or who could not sell their swords to their more fortunate friends, hung about the Scythian posts, driving the officers to distraction by their demands and picking quarrels with the soldiers. An elaborate system of law and order, manufactured at Pavelsburg and warranted ready for use, had formed part of the baggage of the Scythian army, on its march towards India, and was supposed to be in active operation, but the framers appeared to have underestimated the force of human nature, whether in themselves or their allies. Murders, abductions, and raids were of perpetual occurrence, and the state of the country seemed to approximate towards that of the period so much favored by the bards and story-tellers of Granthistan—"before the English came." It is only due to these praisers of time past to say that the chorus of complaint called forth by this return to primitive conditions was almost as loud as it would have been in similar circumstances in England.

It was about this time that the Hercynian papers, which had never tired hitherto of lauding the prowess of their Scythian neighbors, and prophesying the entire extinction of British influence in India, executed, with more or less grace and dexterity according to the comparative suddenness with which they had received orders from a high quarter, a complete *volte face*. It appeared that the Scythians had done enough for honor, and that any further advance, even with the aid of a new season's reinforcements, was very unlikely to succeed. The position of the army already in Granthistan would

become precarious in the extreme if the rumored recrudescence of Rustam Khan's cause in Ethiopia proved to be genuine, and in any case, India north of the Ghara was nothing but an expensive death-trap when divorced from the richer districts to the south. As a third party friendly to both belligerents, and always devoted to the interests of peace, Hercynia would suggest to Scythia that she should withdraw her victorious troops from India in consideration of an indemnity from England, and the concession by Xipangue of a free hand in the Far East. This unselfish suggestion met with a reception calculated to shake the faith of the virtuous Hercynians in human nature. The Scythian papers made rude remarks recalling the absolute failure of Hercynia to give the support with the promise of which she had egged on Scythia to make war, while England considered she had a better use for her money, and Xipangue for her territory, than that proposed. The knowledge of the falling health of the venerable Emperor of Pannonia, which became public at this juncture, completed the moral discomfiture of Hercynia by supplying every journalist in the world with a key to the vacillations of her recent conduct, and her present wish for a strong Scythia behind her.

The eagles were now gathering for the conflict. At Bombay and Bab-us-Sahel troopships were disembarking contingents from the Colonies and drafts from England. The British drafts were detailed at once for garrison and police duty, while the seasoned men they replaced were sent up to the front. The Colonial contingents ought in all equity to have suffered the same fate, but the authorities knew too well the material they were dealing with, and Australians, Canadians, and South Africans were added to the force which was eventually to advance towards Is-

kandarbagh by way of Shalkot. The first step forward had already been taken. When the Ghara became the limit of British territory, some instinct of compunction had withheld the then Commander-in-Chief from destroying the railway bridge, which opened the way from Farishtabad to Ranjitgarh on the one hand and Agpur far on the other. It had remained intact, guarded by a redoubt at the northern end against the raiding parties of Scythian and tribal horse that swept the plain and found an objective for their efforts in this lingering relic of British dominion. When the next cavalry raid was about due, plans were laid for dealing with it. The raiders' scouts, reconnoitring cautiously in the direction of the bridge, discovered that the redoubt was untenanted, and called up their main body to destroy it. One of the horses touched with his hoof an unobtrusive wire, and the scene was changed. From a battery on the bridge itself, and from two howitzers concealed below the river-bank, came a hail of shell, and when the surviving invaders began a precipitate retreat, the firing ceased suddenly, and they were charged by a squadron of Bengal Lancers judiciously posted among the sand-hills. It was some time before another raid took place, and on this occasion the raiders were not able even to approach the bridge. A strong entrenched position had been constructed, not only defending the bridge and its approaches, but covering a large extent of ground. England possessed a foothold once more on the north of the Ghara.

The news of this step forward aroused wild enthusiasm at home. During two long months of apparent inaction the wave of patriotic excitement which had turned out the former Ministry had lost some of its force, and there were plenty of people to mutter that after all, Mulliner and Lord Williams were not able to do any better

than their predecessors. Lord Cooke's operations at the War Office were disturbing vested interests and outraging the ideas of many reputable persons, and so far there seemed nothing to show for it. A general action once a-week is the smallest allowance on which the average street-bred Briton can keep up a healthy interest in a war waged at a distance. The skirmish at the bridge and the fortifying of the new position were assumed to be preparatory to an instant advance, and great was the disappointment when no movement of importance followed. The true value of the move appeared only to the initiated. Within the lines of the new entrenchments Lord Williams formed what was humorously called the "camp of exercise," in which the reconstructed regiments, with their haunting memories of disaster and defeat, faced the enemy again, and in repelling surprise attacks regained their self-respect. That these attacks continued to be mere cavalry raids was in itself an important point. Were the Scythians still possessed of the dash and decision which had led them on so triumphantly from one success to another during the past year, or had the hardships of campaigning, followed by the seductions of Ranjitgarh and Nanakpur, combined with the difficulties of their present position to incline them to inactivity? The question was satisfactorily answered when time passed on and no serious attempt was made to drive the British out of the entrenched camp.

The streets of Farishtabad were brown all day with marching men, and at night restless sleepers raised their heads to hear the muffled rumble of ammunition-wagons rolling along dusty roads. The viceregal surroundings had always been of a simplicity that roused captious comment from the administrative purists who were reluctantly compelled to countenance them,

but now the Viceroy himself might be seen inspecting the field-equipment proposed for his party, and discarding superfluities with the stern joy of an iconoclast. Lord Williams was about to take the field in person, and the official world, military and civil, lifted up its voice and protested in vain. It was sixty years since the anomaly had been seen of a fighting Governor-General, and on the Commander-in-Chief was poured the pity which he showed no sign of feeling for himself.

Janie watched all the preparations with growing anxiety. Work at the Antony Hospital was fairly light just now, the cases being almost confined to a few men seriously wounded in the skirmishes across the river, and the inevitable enteric, and she had all the more time for brooding over Arbuthnot's absence and his long silence. No date had been announced for the departure of the Viceroy, and she clung to the hope that it might not yet be fixed. But one day, Mr. Brooke called upon her—not to bring news, as she saw by a glance at his face.

"We may be leaving any day now—this is confidential," he said; "and I thought I would say good-bye in case I was prevented from coming just at the last."

"That means you are starting to-morrow—or is it to-day?" asked Janie, divining that he would come as late as possible.

"To-morrow—confidential again."

"Oh, of course. But—is Lord Williams not going to wait—till Jock comes back?"

Mr. Brooke looked past her. "It's, impossible, I'm afraid. As a matter of fact, Arbuthnot ought to be back now, and we can't afford to wait, or waste time in sending another messenger. We must chance Rustam Khan's joining us when he hears what we are doing. You see, don't you,



that to wait until the passes are open, and the Scythians can pour down reinforcements, would be madness?"

"Yes, I see," murmured Janie. "But what do you think has happened—honestly?" she turned upon him. He was not to be taken by surprise.

"Knowing Arbuthnot as I do, I should say that he has got through to Rustam Khan, and is staying with him, finding it impossible to get back. He may have been chased, or even recognized, on his way up, you know. Then he will instruct Rustam as to the best way of co-operating, much to our advantage, and you will hear of him next in a blaze of glory."

Janie was silent, trying to accept the offered comfort, and he spoke again. "I am sorry to have to leave you in this uncertainty, but you have good friends. Your Superintendent and Major Saundersfoot will look after you, and Mrs. Thorpe is always ready to offer you a refuge. Then Lady Williams will be delighted to befriend you, for Arbuthnot's sake, so don't let yourself feel desolate."

The advice was kind, but difficult to follow, and Janie felt very desolate indeed as she watched Mr. Brooke's small spare khaki-clad form pass out of sight. At times the thought of Arbuthnot's possible peril would grip her with absolute agony, and at night she had often started from sleep believing that she heard his voice crying to her for help. She was thankful that she was on night duty just now, so that this terror of the darkness would be spared her, but she found the long quiet hours, with their distant sounds of traffic, scarcely less hard to bear. Sleepy orderlies complained bitterly that Sister never gave them a quarter of an hour's peace that night, and the comments of wakeful patients were not of the character associated in history with the worship of the "Lady with the Lamp."

Her watch was over at last, and Janie passed out of the ward. Some one was leaning against one of the pillars of the verandah, and as she appeared in the doorway, Arbuthnot came forward to meet her, his face gray in the gray light. Her eyes, worn with want of sleep, gazed at him with actual terror.

"Why, Janie, don't you know me?" he asked, in wounded surprise. She threw up her hands.

"Oh, I thought you were dead, and had come to tell me!" she cried. He caught her, as she tottered, in a reassuring clasp, and she laid her head on his shoulder, and despite strenuous efforts, sobbed for joy. It was only for a moment, for there might be servants about, and one of the sternest of Eleanor's unwritten laws had forbidden demonstrations of affection before the natives.

"I didn't mean to be such a baby," she murmured at last, fingering Arbuthnot's shoulder-strap lovingly; "but I have wanted you so dreadfully. When did you come?"

"Got in late last night, and been closeted with H. E. ever since. Janie, are you sure you are glad to see me back? Now don't cry again, or I shall be certain you aren't! Do you know that I go off again to-night?"

"Oh, only one day?" cried Janie in dismay. Then her tone changed. "No, don't be afraid. I simply *won't* cry any more till you are gone. A whole day together! What shall we do with it?"

"Let me choose," pleaded Arbuthnot coaxingly.

"Have you got a plan? Aren't you going to tell me?"

"Oh yes, I am going to tell you fast enough. You play an important part in it, you see. Little girl, let us get married."

"Married? To-day?" gasped Janie.

"Exactly. That's my plan."



"But to waste our only day together——!"

"Waste!" mocked Arbuthnot. "Janie, dearest, you can't think how I have worried about you since I have been away this time. I thought, 'Suppose I never come back, there she is left just like a widow, but with no pension or anything.' If we are married, you see, you would get anything that would come to me. And besides, if anything happened to me, I could send for you."

"Do you mean that they would let me come with you to-night if—we did as you want?"

"Oh no, rather not! Only if I was wounded—and I can't promise that'll happen. Really, you know," insinuatingly, "it won't make any difference to you till the war's over—only to my feelings. You can go on with this nursing business if you like—your Senior's a real good sort—or you might stay with Mrs. Thorpe. But if you only knew how much happier it would make me!"

"But how could we possibly manage it, in such a hurry?"

"Why, this is how I planned it out. You take a good rest this morning—you look as if you hadn't slept for a week—while I run round and hunt up a Padri and a license and all that sort of thing. Then we get married and go for a long drive together in the cool—sort of mirage of a honeymoon, don't you know?—and you drop me at the station for the seven o'clock train. Bills and all the brass hats will be going, and this humble one will sneak in somewhere at the rear."

"And it would really make you happier?" She spoke in the gentle, wondering voice of the woman not unwilling to sacrifice her own wishes if the sacrifice is to bring pleasure to an unreasonable man.

"Rather! I could die happy—no, I don't mean that; I could go away happy."

"If you will really feel happier, then—but you won't think——"

"No, no buts now. You've promised, and you are going to have your reward. If you marry me to-day, you will have the honor of being given away by his grateful and appreciative Excellency the Viceroy; but the offer holds good for to-day only."

"By Lord Williams?" Her eyes shone, and Arbuthnot laughed.

"Yes, I knew you would have married George of Agpur with that inducement. That's why I didn't tell you before. Brooke will back me up, and I shall need it. I am to do the same for him some day."

"Oh, if Burree were only here!" sighed Janie.

"You and I will go and look her up together when the war is over. Will she ever forgive me, do you think? She doesn't altogether approve of me, you know."

"She doesn't know you as I do," said Janie, a little stiffly. "If she did, it would be all right. Otherwise, of course——"

"You would have nothing to do with me? Are you trying to make me thankful that she isn't here? Then you will be ready, dear? I settled the hour and everything with the Superintendent before I saw you."

"Before even asking me?" cried Janie.

"There was so little time," he said apologetically. "I had to secure her interest when I got a chance, but it was purely provisional, I assure you. And there was Lord Williams, you see."

"Jock, wait!" she called after him as he looked back at her and laughed. "You are limping. Are you wounded?"

"I got a Scythian bullet through my leg when I was slipping past Iskandarbagh. It's all right now."

"But who nursed you? What did you do?"

"Cut it out," he answered grimly. "Then I had to stay with Rustam Khan until I could walk properly again. That was what delayed me. I couldn't trust state secrets to the mercy of a game leg."

"But will you always be lame?"

"I'm afraid so. Rather a serious disadvantage in my line of life—another identification-mark, you know. By the bye, perhaps you'll refuse to marry a lame man?"

"Jock!" She made a vigorous but unsuccessful attempt to shake him. "You know I shall be prouder of it than if you had got a medal. Only I do wish I had been there to take care of you."

"Thank Heaven you weren't!" he muttered, his face growing grave. "Dear little woman, when this war is over, you shall do what you like with me, but while it lasts——"

"I know," she said steadily. "It is to be just as if we were not married. Only, if you are badly hurt, you promise?"

"I promise," he said, and left her.

The moment he was gone, up came Sister M'Kay, who might almost have been supposed to be lying in wait for his departure, and despatched Janie promptly to bed, assuring her that she had nothing to do but get up when she was called, and no responsibility whatever. She should be married in uniform, and Sister Lawson and another old East End colleague, also in uniform, should attend her, and Sister M'Kay would have great pleasure in personating her mother or aunt for the occasion, and she was to get a good sleep, and not disgrace the hospital by looking as if she was upon the verge of a break-down. Janie felt that it would be impossible to sleep, but she was mistaken. Sleep came to her when she was wondering whether Arbuthnot would get hold of the station Padri or one of the military chaplains,

and what would happen if he could only find a Presbyterian, for instance; and she was not aroused until Sister Lawson peeped in at her.

"It's just nice time now, dear, and he has sent you such a lovely bouquet. Sister M'Kay says you oughtn't to carry it in uniform. She thought of keeping it back."

Janie sat up. "I would carry it if— if I had to break open Sister M'Kay's safe to get at it," she said, and meant it.

There were white flowers in the church as well as in Janie's bouquet, and the scarlet and gray and khaki of the congregation were relieved against the palms and greenery. The only civilian present was Lady Williams, some one said afterwards, and she might almost be considered a soldier in right of her husband. To Janie the whole thing seemed like a dream—the well-known faces of Arbuthnot and Mr. Brooke and the nurses, and that of Lord Williams, so long familiar in pictures, standing out against an indistinguishable crowd of strangers. Once or twice the recollection of the actual facts came to her with a sharp pang—when, after signing the register, somebody produced another document, scarcely longer than the historic "All to my wife," to which Arbuthnot put his name, trying not to let her see it, and when she found the aisle lined with officers, and realized that they were to pass down to the door under a glittering arch of swords. She had seen the compliment paid at other military weddings, and it had seemed to her pretty enough, but now it gave her a stab of pain; the sword was too near all of them. She was white to the lips as she entered the shadow of the steel, gripping her husband's arm convulsively, but she forced herself to look up, for was she not a soldier's wife?—and she saw that there was no shadow at all, but a constant succession of quivering lights.

There was a parable here, but its meaning eluded her as she sat by Arbuthnot's side during a meal of some sort at the Viceregal headquarters, which looked very bare and dismantled already, and tried to appreciate the kind things which were being said about him. It would be an unspeakable comfort to remember them in future, she knew, but now it seemed as if she could not think of anything. Then she was in another room, and Sister M'Kay and Sister Lawson were exchanging her cap for a *topi*, and she heard her own voice asking them to put the bouquet in water, and then she was going down the steps between Arbuthnot and Lord Williams and being helped into a buggy, and some people were cheering somewhere near at hand.

"Thank you, sir, for all your kindness." She repeated the words which she had last heard uttered, and her husband turned and looked into her strained, frightened face. He said nothing, but tucked the rug more closely round her knees and laid a hand on hers for a moment, and the tense feeling passed away as she sat silent by his side, and they drove rapidly along the well-watered road.

"I like that psalm," she said at last. "It's Burree's favorite."

"Really?" said Arbuthnot, hardly daring to look at her.

"Yes; she says it is so nice that the man could not be really happy, even when all went well with him, unless he knew that his country was prosperous and at peace."

"Now that's exactly the view I should have expected Miss Weston to take," said Arbuthnot deliberately.

Janie gave a little shiver. "Even Burree would be satisfied with us today," she said. "We are preferring the country above our chief joy."

After that the spell of silence was broken, and they risked life and limb

on a *kutchra* road beside a canal, while Arbuthnot paid much more attention to conversation than to his driving. Having once got into this apology for a road, they were bound to go on until they reached the king's highway, for to retrace their steps would have been cruel to the horse and have meant missing the train. When they came to the *pusca* road, a fresh horse was awaiting them in charge of a groom, and Janie made a desperate little joke about driving on and on, away from Farishta-bad, and never being heard of again. But the new horse carried them back all too swiftly along the metalled track, and before Janie could have believed it possible they were at the station, with Lord Williams and his staff entraining in the utmost possible glare of electric light. Sister M'Kay stepped forward as the buggy stopped.

"You're in good time," she remarked conversationally. "but none to spare. Jenny, you won't get out?"

"Better not, dearest," said Arbuthnot, and Janie submitted. A hasty farewell, a last lingering clasp of the hand, and he was gone. Janie, trying to follow with tear-dimmed eyes one khaki-clad figure among many, was not at first aware that Lord Williams was standing beside the cart.

"Give him a smile to go off with, Mrs. Arbuthnot," he said quickly, and Arbuthnot, turning for a last look, saw the sun shining through tears.

"Oh, please take care of him!" entreated Janie breathlessly, as she shook hands with the Viceroy.

"I will, I will!" he assured her.

"Silly Jenny!" said Sister M'Kay, assuming the reins with a masterful hand. "The idea of asking a general to take care of a junior officer!"

"It would have been silly to ask some men," said Janie; "but he understands."

Sydney C. Grier.

(To be continued.)

## DANTE'S POETIC CONCEPTION OF WOMAN.

The imaginative estimate or ideal conception of Woman by the Poets has always been deemed exceptionally interesting, especially by women themselves, for, as a rule, it is agreeable; and, even if the presentation be sometimes a little overcharged with glowing color, all of us, men and women alike, are not otherwise than pleased with descriptions that portray us, not exactly as we are, but as we should like to be. Withal, a portrait, to obtain recognition, must have in it some resemblance to the original; and, speaking in the most prosaic manner, one need not hesitate to affirm that any representation of women, at least of womanly women, that was not attractive would be a travesty of the fact.

Alike in the *Vita Nuova* and the *Divina Commedia*, Beatrice Portinari figures so largely, and Dante's love for her from childhood in her tenth till her death in her twenty-sixth year is so striking that most persons think of the great Florentine Poet in association with no other women, their characters, their occupations, temptations, weaknesses, virtues, and everyday duties. Yet no man could be a Poet such as Dante who confined his ken to so limited a field of observation and feeling, and to whom the whole range of feminine emotion and action was not familiar; and, in the exposition of that theme, I would invite attention to that wider range and scope of interest, though from it Beatrice will not be forgotten. Let us turn, first of all, to the fifteenth canto of the *Paradiso*, where Cacciaguida, the Poet's ancestor, describes, while Beatrice looks on with assenting smile, the simplicity of Florentine manners in former times, alike in men and women, but in women especially—times dear to Dante, since

they immediately preceded those in which he himself lived.

Fiorenza,

says Cacciaguida, calling the city by its original name,

Fiorenza, dentro della cerchia antica,  
 Sì stava in pace, sobria e pudica.  
 Non avea catenella, non corona,  
 Non donne contigiate, non cintura,  
 Che fosse a veder più che la persona.

Florence, within her ancient boundaries

Was chaste, and sober, and in peace abode.

No golden bracelets and no head-tires then,

Transparent garments, rich embroideries,

That caught the eye more than the wearer's self.

He goes on to say that the Florentine ladies of that day left their mirror without any artificial coloring on their cheeks. Mothers themselves tended the cradle, and maidens and matrons drew off the thread from the distaff, while listening to old tales of Troy, Fiesole, and Rome. It is Dante's own description of the manners and customs of the days when he was a child.

Some, perhaps, will ask, "Surely there is nothing very poetic in the foregoing description of woman?" If so, one must reply, indeed there is, and only the acceptance of the idea of Poetry prevailing amongst us of late years, which is essentially false, because so narrow and so exclusive of the simplest poetry at one end of the scale, and of the highest poetry at the other, could make any one doubt that a really poetic and imaginative conception of woman must include the dedication, though not the entire dedication, of herself to domestic duty and tenderness.

Is there nothing poetic in Words-

worth's picture of a girl turning her wheel beside an English fire?

Is there nothing poetic in Byron's description,

A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose hopes are innocent,  
Or in Coventry Patmore's,

So wise in all she ought to know,  
So ignorant in all beside.

Is there, I venture to ask, nothing poetic, nothing romantic in the description of a young girl who blends with cultivated sensibility to Literature and Art homely tasks thus described?

. . . She brims the pail,  
Straining the udders with her dainty palms,  
Sweet as the milk they drain. She  
skims the cream,  
And, with her sleeves rolled up and  
round white arms,  
Makes the churn sing like boulder-  
baffled stream.  
A wimple on her head, and kirtled  
short,  
She hangs the snow-white linen in the  
wind,  
A heavenly earthliness.

In the whole range of poetic literature there is no more celebrated passage than the essentially domestic picture, in the Sixth Book of the *Iliad*, of Hector, Andromache, and their baby boy, where the Trojan hero, before sallying forth to battle afresh, stretches out his arms to clasp the little Astyanax. It might be pedantic to recite the passage in the original. But here is an excellent translation of it by Mr. Walter Leaf:—

So spake glorious Hector, and  
stretched out his arms to his boy. But  
the child shrank back to the bosom of  
his fair-girdled nurse, dismayed at his  
dear father's aspect, and in dread at  
the horse-hair crest that he beheld nod-  
ding fiercely from the helmet's top.  
Then his dear father laughed aloud,  
and his lady-mother; and forthwith  
glorious Hector took the helmet from

his head and laid it, all gleaming, upon  
the ground; then kissed he his dear  
son, and dandled him in his arms.

Surely everybody feels the poetic, the romantic character of the incident, founded on the loves of the household and the hearth. Turn to Chaucer, to Milton, to Shakespeare, to any great Poet, and you will find that, like Dante, they included simple duties in their poetic conception of woman. Only in an age sicklied o'er with lackadaisical or sensuous sentimentality could it be otherwise.

But a poet's ideals of what women should be, and often are, is shown not only by what he extols, but by what he condemns, and, in this respect, Dante, poet-like, is sparing and reserved. Most—indeed, nearly all—of the persons whom he indicates by name as being eternally punished in the Circles of the *Inferno* are men; partly, perhaps, because Dante, who, it must be owned, would have been loved by Doctor Johnson as a good hater, had political and other sources of the kind to settle with those he describes as having a perpetual lease in the lower regions, but in part, also, because he could not bring himself to write harshly of any woman he had known. But to a few notorious female rebels against what he deemed womanly character and conduct, and who had lived many hundred years before his day, he is pitilessly severe. It would be difficult to quote lines from any Poet more so than those in which he describes Semiramis as among those whom

*Nulla speranza gli conforta mai.*

She has not even hope to fall back on as a mitigation of her endless torments. Of her offences against his ideal of woman he says:—

*A vizio di lussuria fu sì rotta,  
Che libito fe lecito in sua legge,  
Per torre il biasmo in che era condotta.*

She was so steeped in wickedness that she promulgated laws permitting others to act as she herself did, in order to annul the stigma that would otherwise have been attached to her. He is a little hard and unjust to Dido, whom Virgil treats with such exquisite tenderness, in naming her along with "lustful Cleopatra" in the same passage. To Helen he is more indulgent, in words at least, content with saying that she was the guilty cause of dire events, "*per cui tanto reo tempo si volse*"; but she does not escape endless expiation. Some of my readers will remember how much more damning of her conduct is Virgil in the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, where Priam represents her as giving the signal to the Greeks to enter Troy, and having concealed his sword, that he may fall a helpless victim to the vengeance of Paris, whom the fair wanton wished to propitiate in the hour of her lord's triumph.

But what is Dante's attitude towards Francesca da Rimini, in the most beautiful passage, it seems to me, in the whole range of narrative Poetry? Many, I am sure, know it by heart, and have thereby fortified themselves against the modern less-refined treatment of it even by men aspiring to be regarded as poets. Often as one has repeated it to oneself, one has never felt that Dante had for Francesca any harsher feeling than sympathetic compassion. He casts around her the halo of the purest sentiment; he brings music of matchless verbal sweetness to the description of the hour, the place, the circumstances of her disinterested and unselfish surrender. The very lines in which he leads up to her pathetic story, lines in which his feeling concerning frail and hapless love seems to be purposely expressed in general and wide-embracing language, are in themselves significant to those who observe their meaning.

He says that when he heard Virgil name the numerous knights and fair dames, who were suffering from having subordinated prudence to impulse, he only felt troubled for them and bewildered.

*Pietà mi vinse, e fu quasi smarrito.*

The first thing he notices in Francesca and her lover is their buoyancy in the air, as though they were the lightest and most tenuous of spirits; and when he says to Virgil that he would fain have speech with them, the reply is that he has only to appeal to them by the love that still moves them, and they will draw nigh to him. Then follows that lovely simile of doves floating to call, and Francesca's recognition of Dante with the words:—

*O animal grazioso e benigno!*

who is sure to have pity on her hapless doom. When Francesca pauses in her narrative, and Dante bows his head for sorrow, Virgil shows what is his own feeling by the brief question addressed to Dante, "What think you?" Dante replies in a voice broken by emotion:—

*. . . O lasso!*

*Quanti dolci pensier, quanto disio  
Menò costoro al doloroso passo!*

and, turning to Francesca, he says that her fate fills his eyes with tears and his heart with anguish. Encouraged by the poet's sympathy, she tells him what happened, "*al tempo de' dolci sospiri*," in the season of sweet sighs, in itself a preliminary and melodious appeal for indulgence, and that he must be patient with her if she tells her tale, sobbing as she speaks. Torn between sweet remembrance and regret, she cannot refrain from recalling

*. . . Il disiato riso,  
Esser baciato da cotanto amante,*

or intimating with supreme delicacy



what ensued in the final line of her narrative:—

Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo  
avante.

The story she had been reading with Paolo Malatesta of Lancelot and Guinevere fell from their hands, and that day they read no further on. And Dante? All he says is that he felt like to die for grief, and fell to the ground even as a dead body falls. From the first line to the last he utters no word of blame or reproach. He would not have been a poet had he done so.

Let us now turn from the fifth book of the *Inferno* to the third of the *Paradiso*, that we may add to our knowledge of Dante's poetic conception of Woman. He there beholds Piccarda Donati, whom he had known in her lifetime on earth, but at first does not recognize, because, as she herself says with heavenly humility, she is now much fairer to look on than she was then. Withal, she adds she occupies only an inferior place in Heaven, because she was forced, and sorely against her own will, to violate her vow of virginity. She begins her story by saying simply:—

Io fui nel mondo vergine sorella,  
that she was a nun dedicated to God, and goes on to tell how she was violently torn from her cloister by her brother, Forese Donati, and his accomplices, to further family ambition, and compelled to submit to the marriage rite. Dante, feeling, as it seems to me, that this did not detract from her merit, asks her if she is contented with the relatively inferior position in Paradise she says she is assigned among celestial denizens. I trust many readers know her reply, for it is one of the noblest and most beautiful passages in the whole of the *Divina Commedia*. Like all fine passages in Poetry, adequate rendering of it in an-

other tongue is not attainable. But the best translation of it with which I am acquainted is that of C. B. Cayley—not Cary, mark you—in *terza rima*, and of which I remember I availed myself when, many years ago, I was beginning to learn Italian, and read Dante for the first time among the then leafy-covered ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. Here is Piccarda's reply:—

Our will, O brother mine, is kept at rest  
By power of heavenly love, which makes us will,  
For nought else thirsting, only things possessed.  
If we should crave to be exalted still  
More highly, then our will would not agree  
With His, who gives to us the place we fill.  
For 'tis of our own will the very ground,  
That in the will of God we govern ours.

Then comes that supremely beautiful line, not to be surpassed by any line even in Dante:—

In sua voluntade è nostra pace.  
Our peace is in submission to His will.

Is it fanciful to think that in that line also Dante has betrayed and bequeathed to us, perhaps unconsciously, his main conception of Woman, as a gentle and adoring creature, who finds her greatest happiness in subordinating her will to those who are deserving of the trust she reposes in them?

But Piccarda does not end the dialogue with her own story. She tells Dante that the great Costanza, as she calls her, who married the German Henry the Fifth, was also torn from a convent where she had taken the veil, and forced into Royal nuptials. But when she was thus compelled to violate her vows,

Contra suo grado e contra buona  
usanza,

Non fu dal vel del cuor giammai disciolta.

She wore the vestal's veil within her heart.

And, as if to indicate that the conduct of each was condoned by the Virgin of Virgins, Dante concludes by saying:—

... Ave

Maria, cantando, e cantando vanio,

She faded from our sight, singing Ave Maria,

and once again he concentrated his gaze on Beatrice, Beatrice whom he regarded as his highest poetic conception of Woman. Fully to grasp what that was, we must descend from Heaven to earth and recall the origin and growth of his adoration of her, as described in the *Vita Nuova*.

To some commentators on Dante, the narrative to be read there has suggested difficulties when, in reality, there are none, leading them to urge that a child of nine years of age could not feel what is therein described, and that, therefore, it is purely symbolic, and was written not about any human creature, but indicated Philosophy, or the desire for spiritual enlightenment and the search for heavenly wisdom, which was Dante's overpowering impulse almost from the cradle. The answer to such an interpretation of the passage is that it betrays an utter ignorance of the emotional precocity of the poetic temperament, and of the vague but intense hold Love can acquire over Poets from their earliest years.

Of the reality underlying the idealism of the *Vita Nuova*, we therefore need have no doubt whatever. Dante's Beatrice was *Beatrice Portinari*, a Florentine maid first, a Florentine bride later, whose people lived in the Corso, near the *Canto de' Pazzi*.

All that follows in the narrative of

the *Vita Nuova* may be relied on just as implicitly; how, when she was eighteen years of age, he met her again walking in the streets of Florence between two noble ladies older than herself, and graciously, as Dante says, returned his salute; how, with the naïf shyness of a youth consumed with love, he tried to dissemble it by pretending to be enamored of another damsel, which only made Beatrice look away when she met him; and how he contrived to convey to her indirectly, through a poem he wrote, that she had misjudged him; how, thereon, she looked on him graciously once more; and how, alas! in her twenty-fifth year, she was summoned from this world to the world above. Then the *Vita Nuova* draws mournfully to a close, ending with these significant words:—

After I had written this sonnet, there appeared to me a wonderful vision, in which I saw things that made me determine to write no more of this dear Saint until I should be able to write of her more worthily; and, of a surety, she knows that I study to attain unto this end with all my powers. So, if it shall please Him by Whom all things live, to spare my life for some more years, I hope to say that of her which never yet hath been said of any lady; and then may it please Him, who is the Father of all good, to suffer my soul to see the glory of its mistress, the sainted Beatrice, who now, abiding in glory, looketh upon the face of Him who is blessed for ever and ever.

For the fulfilment of that determination we must return to the *Divina Commedia*, written in the fulness of the Poet's powers. But there are three lines in the *Vita Nuova* about the death of Beatrice that have haunted me ever since I first read them, and whose beauty, I am sure, all will feel:—

Non la ci tolse qualità di gelo,  
Nè di color, siccome l'altro fece,  
Ma sola fu sua gran benignitate:

lines very difficult to translate, but the meaning of which is that she died neither from chill nor from fever, which carries off other mortals; but only of her great benignness, or excess of goodness, which rendered earth an unfitting dwelling-place for her, and Paradise her only true home.

It is not necessary to comment here on the First Canto of the *Divina Commedia*. That, one has done already before the Dante Society, and it is not requisite for one's present theme. But in Canto the Second we meet with the Beatrice of the *Vita Nuova*. She it is that sends Virgil, who dwells in the neutral territory of Limbo, to the Poet, saying:—

Io son Beatrice, che ti faccio andare.  
Amor mi mosse, che mi fa parlare.

And not only does she say that she is animated by love, which has caused her, now in Heaven, to feel so compassionately towards him, but also because he loved her so while she was on earth, and continued to do so after she had quitted it, with a fidelity that has lifted him above the crowd of ordinary mortals, and made of him a Poet. Here, let it be said in passing, we get another indication of Dante's poetic conception of Woman, which is, among other qualities, to co-operate in the making and fostering of Poets, a mission in which they have never been wanting. Where, indeed, is the Poet who could not say of some woman, and, if he be fortunate, of more than one, what, in the Twenty-second Canto of the *Purgatorio*, Dante makes Statius say to Virgil, "*Per te poeta fui*," "It was through you that I became a Poet."

Throughout the remaining Cantos of the *Inferno*, Beatrice naturally is never mentioned, nor yet in the *Purgatorio*, till we reach Canto the Thirtieth, wherein occurs perhaps the most pain-

ful scene in the awe-inspiring poem. In it she descends from Heaven, an apparition of celestial light, compared by the Poet to the dazzling dawn of a glorious day. Smitten with fear, he turns for help to Virgil, but Virgil has left him. "Weep not," says Beatrice to him, "that Virgil is no longer by your side; you will need all your tears when you hear me." Then begins her terrible arraignment:—

Guardami ben: ben son, ben son Beatrice.

Look on me well! Yes, I am Beatrice.

Confused, Dante gazes upon the ground, and then glances at a fountain hard by; but, seeing his own image trembling in the water, he lowers his eyes to the green sward encircling it, and fixes them there, while she upbraids him for his deviation from absolute fidelity to her memory, and his disregard of her heavenly endeavors still to help and purify him. Boccaccio says that Dante was a man of strong passions, and possibly, indeed probably, he was. But Beatrice seems to reproach him with only one transgression, and, if one is to say what one thinks, she has always appeared to me a little hard on him. Nor does she rest content till she has compelled him to confess his fault. He does so, and then she tells him to lay aside his grief, and think no more of it, for he is forgiven. Perhaps, in mitigation of the feeling that her severity was in excess of the cause, one ought to remember, since it is peculiarly pertinent to my theme, that we are in the above harrowing scene presented with the crowning characteristic of Dante's poetic conception of Woman, that, be the offence against her what it may, she forgets and forgives.

It might be interesting on some other occasion to inquire how far Dante's poetic conception of Woman is shared by Poets generally, and by the greater

Poets of our own land in particular. Meanwhile one may affirm that the inquiry would serve to show that it is in substance the same, though no other Poet, in whatsoever tongue, has extolled and glorified a woman as Dante did Beatrice. But Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Shakespeare, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, could all be shown, by apposite illustration, to leave on the mind a conception of woman as a being tender, devoted, faithful, helpful, "sweet, and serviceable," as Tennyson says of Elaine, quick to respond to affection, sensitive to beauty in Nature and the Arts, sympathizing companion alike of the heart and of man's struggle with life—in a word, a creature of whom it is true to say, as, indeed, Byron has said, that "Love is

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her whole existence," meaning by Love not what is too frequently in these days falsely presented to us in novels as such, but Love through all the harmonious scale of loving, maternal, filial, conjugal, romantic, religious, and universal.

Read then the Poets. They have a nobler conception of woman and of life than the novelists. Their unobtrusive but conspicuous teaching harmonizes with the conduct of the best women, and has its deep foundation in a belief in the beneficent potency of Love, from the most elementary up to an apprehension of the meaning of the last line of the *Divina Commedia*:—

Amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle.  
Love that keeps the sun in its course,  
and journeys with the planets in  
their orbit.

Alfred Austin.

## L'ITALIA FA DA SE.

Sixteen years ago there appeared in the pages of this Review an article entitled "L' Italia non farà da se." A member of the Italian House of Lords put forward, in a valuable pamphlet, reasons for disagreeing with this conclusion, and forwarded his pamphlet to every member of the Upper House. He was not very sanguine, and indeed at that date there was no possibility of being sanguine; and he finished somewhat in the conditional mood. His conclusion was, in fact, that if only a kind Providence would send Italy a good financier, "grideremmo in barba al signor inglese, 'L' Italia fa da se.'"

An act of penance may sometimes be agreeable; it is so in this case. It is with the greatest pleasure that I give the Senator and all his brother peers who may think me worthy of their attention the fullest permission to "gridermi in barba 'L' Italia fa da

se.'"

Not that there was a word to withdraw in the article; but there was much to add if any one had known it. Nor was the Senator right in praying for a heaven-born financier. Italy needed no miracles, as we shall see; but it would not be possible to arrive at the present conclusion without a good many years of study, observation, and reflection. Those conditions being fulfilled it remains to state the conclusion, and at the risk of being wearisome, to give reasons for that conclusion.

Bankrupt municipalities, ruinous finances, an emigrant population, languishing trade, absurd adventures abroad, a disordered currency, an unsound legal system, railways idiotically mismanaged, an enormous army, grinding taxes, a wholly unnecessary quarrel abroad, and a wholly unprofitable alliance to balance it—these things, combined with a notable lack

of discernible capacity in public life, spell ruin. At least they would have spelt ruin in any other country but Italy at the close of the nineteenth century. In that country and period all these symptoms, which appeared to be so grave in 1892, were hardly more than the process of desquamation after the fever of 1848-70.

We may profitably begin with matters of detail; and, through them, approach more serious reflections. One well-kept horse does not imply much, but a thousand well-kept horses imply a good deal. If one never sees an ill-kept horse, or one with a sore, or over-worked, the conclusion is not only that there is a great improvement in the horses, but also that there is a great improvement in the drivers and owners. The chubby, active little animals squealing with beans and fun are a pleasure to look at. Their gay harness tells of the driver's love for his beast; their willing paces testify, perhaps, to the activity of the S.P.C.A. But whatever the cause, there is the result; the very donkeys look as if they were enjoying their day's work. All this is nothing less than a transformation scene. The traditional beast of burden, ghastly with sores, and worked to a skeleton by his light-hearted tyrant, is as much of the past as the brigand of tradition.

Railways impress the traveller most; and here, again, we have another transformation scene. How well one remembers a feed of fried octopus and red ink at Castellamere Adriatico twenty years ago—

... a base repast;  
It makes me angry yet to think of it.

Not that red ink and fried octopus is more loathsome in reality than many a feed wherewith the traveller is punished and plundered in rural England; but this was thought good enough for an important train, officially styled an

express, and fitted with steam heat which would not work, broken windows, and hot and cold water supply, all the taps of which were broken, for which fraud one paid heavily, and was conveyed at the rate of about fourteen miles an hour.

All this is swept away. Modern Italy does not waste much on rolling stock, but what there is is sound and fairly comfortable.

There are no sensational runs, but one reaches Naples from Rome in a little over four hours (about 150 miles), and is admirably served on the way. Not even the Canadian Pacific, that model for all railways, is more attentive and efficient. One hears a great deal about pilfering on Italian railways. For the sake of the experiment I sent my kit-bag unlocked from Naples to Rome. It arrived untouched. One strong administrative order has sufficed to stop this abuse. Why not have issued the order earlier? is a natural inquiry, the answer to which is a matter of Italian history.

If the great lines were badly served in days gone by, the profits derivable from local traffic were almost completely neglected. To-day by the simple expedient of lowering the fares the traffic in the neighborhood of great towns is hugely multiplied, to the vast profit of the line and the pleasure of the public; and this is but the A B C of administration. But then there was a time not so long ago when it seemed as if the Italian declined to learn the A B C of administration.

Wherever we turn we see the same tendency. Everywhere is change, sometimes change of lightning rapidity, sometimes change so deliberate that we wonder if the abuse is really observed. That is, we should wonder if we had not already learnt the mistake of supposing that Italians were indifferent because they were slow in taking action. Nowhere is stagnation,

everywhere more happiness—an air of composure, as of contented people in settled conditions, as indeed the Italians are. The very beggars at the door of S. Lucia have the air of pursuing their calling as amateurs. The once verminous "Villa" is charming and gay; the reasons for having only marble seats exist no longer.

"Resolute profundity" is the temper in which the Royal House entered on its gigantic and heroic task of making Italy; the same spirit prompted the purchase of the field of Cannae. We shall understand nothing thoroughly in modern Italy unless we keep in mind the leadership of the House of Savoy, unless we remember that other, and more significant "Risorgimento," the resurrection of the monarchical idea. Some history, if tedious, is indispensable.

Of course the institution is eternal, and will outlast all temporary expedients, but it will be subject to occasional occultation, and in our time 1848 was its abject nadir. 1848 was also the darkest hour of Italy. The resurrection of Italy and the Monarchy (the two are inseparable) began with the sublime abdication of Charles Albert. It is an uplifting memory. This is an age devoted to mediocrity and proud of having no standard of behavior but a commercial standard. Naturally the vulgar denounced the King for "running away," it being incomprehensible to them in their ignorance that any man should give up anything. It is cheering to remember that it did not matter what the vulgar and ignorant said. The act was itself noble; and being done in the grand manner that the House of Savoy commands it struck the heroic note—the note that dominated Italian public life for twenty-two years. The Romans do well to inscribe on his statue—

*Il popolo Italiano riconoscente.*

If the broken-hearted King had prophesied to his son on the night of Novara the course of the next twenty-two years, it must certainly have been said of him that misfortune had driven him mad. Thrown into the form of an ancient vaticination, history would have been thus foretold: "Thou shalt drive forth the Hapsburg, the Bourbon, and the Bonaparte; kings shall flee from before thy face, and thou and thy son and thy son's son shall dwell in the city of Rome for ever and ever."

With Radetzky (aged 89) and Ward, the Cavour of Absolutism (aged thirty-nine), in the full tide of success such an outpouring would have sounded like sheer insanity, whereas in fact it was but the barest outline of the triumph of the monarchy. The work of Victor Emmanuel and his successors has two epochs. The first is the epoch of heroic endeavor, for which heroes were needed and were forthcoming. The second epoch is the period of business; for which, at first, business men were not forthcoming. The first epoch closed in 1870; the second, and far greater, task had to be faced. This task was nothing less than to make the nation; to undertake huge administrative labors without administrators, and to carry out great public works by the agency of men wholly strange to sound traditions of public life. This explains why the article "*L'Italia non farà da se*" was a false prophecy. The statistics were correct; and they lied as only statistics can lie; they even corresponded at the moment with the facts of life; but the facts were the facts of a transitory stage of the nation's life and not the symptoms of its permanent condition.

Leaving these considerations for the moment let us very briefly consider the heroic period; we shall then be able to understand the well-nigh overwhelming difficulties which beset the Monarchy after 1870. Radetzky could



not live for ever; Ward was summarily dismissed by the Duchess Regent, and died four years later; the rise and collapse of the farcical Roman Republic was a set-off to these advantages. The year succeeding Ward's death saw the alliance with Imperial France; and the campaign of Solferino was followed, as we all remember, by the downfall of the Duchies and the disappearance of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. In another six years came the acquisition of Venice, and in yet another four the entry of the Italian troops into Rome. These epochs of intense and dramatic life lasted a very short time. A young officer who smelt powder for the first time on the field of Novara would hardly have been in command of a regiment by September 1870.

These years are the record of a number of lugubrious prophecies, and of their falsification. Thus it was said that the House of Savoy "would never" recover from Novara, or supplant the Austrians, or absorb Central Italy. Even Cavour was concerned at the rapidity with which his master's responsibilities increased when Naples and Sicily were added to the Italian kingdom. Savoy rose easily to this as to every other responsibility. In no single case were the prophets of evil so vociferous as in the case of Rome. They shouted defiance. "Never" would the House of Savoy "dare" to go to Rome. "Never" could they hope to occupy the "Eternal City," still less to make it their own. The House of Savoy dares everything. To Rome the King went, strong in his courage; and not even the traditional and personal piety of the Royal House was allowed to interfere with the fulfilment of an historical necessity; even the Vatican thundered in vain.

Events of this immeasurable importance have one result—they produce heroes; they also produce a num-

ber of people who are not at all heroic but who may catch the heroic pose for a time. After 1870 what Italy needed was a large supply of business men and administrators. Heroes had been needed to make noble speeches and conquer kingdoms, but when all the kingdoms were conquered and the fewer speeches that might be made the better, it became apparent that Italy's hard times were before her.

To begin with, "Italy," though no longer a bare "geographical expression," needed making. The Piedmontese had to learn that he was only a favored subject, not the conqueror of a subject people. The Neapolitan had to learn that he was an Italian first and a Neapolitan afterwards. The most potent instrument to this end was the army. A civilian does well to keep silence about military matters; but even a civilian may claim to appreciate the educational influence of a standing army on a civilian population; and the more of us who publicly repudiate the pernicious—nay, poisonous—nonsense talked about "militarism" and a "blood-tax" the better. The great standing army of Italy, then, has been the most potent of all beneficent instruments in the making of the Italian people. That it was "too large" is the opinion of many soldiers who had opportunities of observing it at close quarters; and that opinion one naturally accepts from the military point of view, with the reservation that in point of fact Italy did not think it too large. As an instrument of education it has been, and is, admirable, and can hardly have been too large.

The navy has also been criticized adversely; but as the details of maritime warfare are even more intricate than those of an army one does not pretend to follow them. At least, however, one can take the statesman's point of view, although it is not "obvious" and in fact requires a good deal of study

and patience. From the statesman's point of view, then, it is clear that, after 1870, every form of activity needed to be cherished. Much of the Italian population consists of seafaring folk, who learn more easily at sea than anywhere else that they are Italian subjects, with duties to Italy. Besides the immediate advantage of preserving and cherishing their activity there was (and is still more to-day) the probability that with increasing population and wealth Italy might become a first-rate naval Power. With this point in view Italian seamanship could not be allowed to atrophy in the interest of temporary economy. In almost all matters of civil administration—posts, railways, justice, the civil service—it was inevitable that, from the first, the task of the monarchy should be terribly uphill.

We have in our time come to lavish admiration on mediocrity; we use the most extravagant language about very small performances. In fact we have almost lost the sense of proportion, or retain only enough of that sense to recognize and decry grandeur.

Consequently when one talks about the field of Cannae and "resolute profundity" one mistrusts one's own language instinctively. Only after contemplating the work attentively are we reassured. Here we have a people nominally one, really a loosely knit half-dozen States with thirty millions of inhabitants. Of these thirty millions perhaps one-fifth have had a short experience of constitutional government: the rest have been accustomed for many centuries to despotic government by aliens. In England we have experienced periodical anxiety at the risks which we were running in 1832, 1867, and 1885. What were those risks to the experiment of Constitutional Italy? Absolutely nothing. In Italy everything had to be created; the machinery was the easiest to forge; but

what was the machinery without the men and spirit? "Resolute profundity" seems a pedantic and inadequate expression in the face of the solution of this problem. We have distinguished between the heroic period and the period after 1870, but in fact, for the Monarchy, it was all heroic. "Superhuman resolution and foresight" alone seem fitting terms for the sagacity of the House of Savoy in facing what for many years must have looked like defeat, and in winning through innumerable defeats to victory. One wonders that the country moved at all; without the Monarchy to guide and steady it, it certainly would not have moved. The marvel was not that things should occasionally have gone wrong, but that they should ever have gone right.

Inflexible courage, the example of devotion to duty in the highest places, mutual confidence between King and people, a patience, truly Italian, which said in effect at every blunder, "The next generation will do better"—these are the noble qualities which justify and inspire the phrase so often blasphemed, so often made ridiculous by the incompetent, "*L'Italia farà da se.*"

We note one distressing circumstance after 1870—that Italy, who owed so much to France, has become estranged, and soon afterwards enters into intimate alliance with the direst foes of France.

Between 1866 and 1870 there was an incident. It was only a telegram of six words, but while it was potent enough to strengthen the growing sense of Italian nationality it did so, alas! at the expense of making every patriotic Italian feel that he had a personal quarrel with France. The telegram ran, "*Les chaussepots ont fait des merveilles.*" The Englishman and the Italian have much in common, they understand each other instinctively. They are supposed to differ,

in that the Englishman is credited with a short memory. In fact he has as good a memory as anybody else; but he does not think it dignified or profitable to cherish an ancient grudge when an immediate advantage can be secured by forgetting it. The Italian is the same: forty years are long enough to have remembered an affront: the telegram is now pigeonholed and the relations of France and Italy are excellent. It is impossible to imagine Italy marching 300,000 men into France under inspiration from abroad.

On the north-eastern frontier Italy is in alliance with her neighbor. What will become of that alliance is a subject for much facile speculation, but it seems unlikely to develop into hostility.

Practically secure from complications abroad, Italy has ample leisure in which to work out her destiny at home. The theory of Italian public life is, and has been, that it is better for an Italian to do a given piece of work and to do it as badly as possible than for a foreigner to do it and to do it as well as possible. This is not pig-headedness or conceit, but profound wisdom. Blunders teach. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. To appreciate the wisdom of this policy we have but to visit Rome. Enthusiasm about Rome is natural to Englishmen. It is, as a rule, either ecclesiastical or antiquarian by origin. It has been my good fortune to listen to many visitors to Rome just returned from their travels. They all reason in the same way, men or women. Either they say, "Henry the Eighth had six wives; *therefore* Anglican orders are invalid; *therefore* Rome ought to be restored to the Papacy," or else, if absorbed in the study of antiquity, they denounce "modern Rome" as "shoddy," "overbuilt," and "uninteresting," averring that Italians have

"no sense of art" and are afflicted with "megalomania."

Mediocrity contemplating magnificence. So imposing is modern Rome that it is hard to begin the task of doing justice to the Royal City. It is not large, as we estimate size, but it is none the worse for that. Some flesh is good on a man's bones, but we do not adore Silenus. Rome is the more stately for not being bloated. It does not really matter where we begin, so let us take a map of Rome to the Pincian and study it there.

Straight through the Trastevere there has been driven a boulevard traversing four squares, viz. Piazza della Libertà, Piazza Cola di Rienzo, Piazza dell' Unità, and finally at the very gates of the Vatican Piazza del Risorgimento. It would be impossible to proclaim more loudly the fact that Rome is irrevocably Royal Rome, even if the fact were daily proclaimed

... with great pomp, and blare  
Of bannered trumpets in St. Peter's  
Square.

From the way in which many English people talk it would be supposed that the House of Savoy was in Rome more or less on sufferance. This does not look like it. As for "no sense of Art" we English live in so frail a structure ourselves that we should do well to avoid throwing stones. Modern Rome breathes art. We mark the Ponte Garibaldi. By-and-by we shall descend from the Pincian and look at the two pillars standing by the bridge. They bear these simple words, which (for those who can understand them) convey an epic of emotion:

S.P.Q.R.  
MENTANA 1867  
DIGIONE 1870.

To explain, to amplify, to comment is to reduce oneself to banality; let no one say that he understands Rome or Italy who can contemplate unmoved

this poem in marble. And the people who erected this monument have no sense of Art!

In this pellmell of joyous impressions it matters little what we take next. Let us take the trams. We may not all be well read in Italian history, or possess a sense of art, but anybody can understand a tram. The Roman tramways are the best in the world. In other cities there may be more spent on upholstery, and the trams may run faster, but no city can be better served. And yet, they say, Italians are not practical. They are at least practical enough to have turned the Rome of Monte Cristo into a glorious city, well paved, well drained, well policed, convenient, and stately.

We return to the Trastevere to look at the new Courts of Justice facing the Tiber by the Castle of S. Angelo. These are very magnificent. We recall in silent misery our own Courts of Justice, where everything is wrong, from the site to the internal lighting, including such details as style and construction. The sites on the Tiber are nothing like so fine as the sites on the Thames, but the Italians make the best of theirs and we make the worst of ours. There can hardly be a building in Europe so harmonious as this. The mass, the balance, the outline, the decoration are all as noble as possible, and the whole is imposing to the last degree.

Probably the memorial to King Victor Emmanuel will be still more imposing when it is finished. Its position in front of the Campidoglio gives a vista the whole length of the Corso Umberto Primo from the Piazza del Popolo.

It is no part of the scope of these few pages to write guide-book jottings on Rome, but only to point out that Royal Rome lives and moves in its magnificent life, the only surviving Rome. Moreover, we have to remem-

ber that only forty years separate us from the Rome of *Lothair*. In so short a time have so great things been done. One often hears, among other disparaging remarks, the statement that modern Italians are "Vandals"—in evidence of which we hear that they are pulling down so much of ancient Rome.

It depends to some extent on what we agree to call ancient; but, in effect, dirt is not always picturesque; all things old are not good; modern Italians cherish whatever is genuinely classic. When streets have to be condemned for any reason they are dealt with promptly. Thus in Naples the streets where the cholera broke out twenty-four years ago have been swept away; a boulevard has been driven through the space. We may be fairly sure that wherever we see a change the change was necessary; moreover, the talent shown in taking advantage of natural sites, and in making the most of space and vista, is quite remarkable. We must perforce dwell long on Rome, because Rome is a summary of modern Italy; and of the three Romes—Royal Rome, Ecclesiastical Rome, and Pagan Rome—Royal Rome is the greatest; in fact, it is Rome, having easily absorbed the other two.

With respect to the question of the Church it is extraordinary to observe that in England the intellectual (and sometimes the lineal) heirs of the people who shouted for Garibaldi fifty years ago are shouting to-day for the restoration of Rome to the Holy See.

The difference between the Italian and the English points of view on this question is worth nothing. For the Italian, whatever attention is paid or refused to the Pope outside Italy, within the country he is undoubtedly the head of the Italian Church. Thus all the questions of "alien interference" and their kindred which have agitated English minds for centuries

are, for the Italian, occasions of mild boredom; hard to understand and tedious in so far as they are intelligible. Moreover, to the Italian, whatever else the Papacy may be, it is, essentially, an Italian institution.

It is quite a common thing, for example, to hear men grumble at the "over-representation" of Italy, as they call it, in the Sacred College. It seems to them quite reasonable to demand that the governing body of the Universal Church should be composed of "Nations," represented in more or less exact proportion to their population and their contribution to the resources of the Vatican. To the Italian such a proposal appears not only ridiculous but rather more than impertinent. This ought not to be hard for an Englishman to understand. Let us suppose, for example, that England had been the seat of orthodoxy, and that Italy had "protested" in days gone by. Let us suppose that for centuries England had supplied Popes, and had retained an absolute working majority of the Sacred College for Englishmen. What should we say to the pretensions of those Italians who had "found salvation" to anything like "proportionate representation"? Incontestably in so far as we took such pretensions seriously we should call them impertinent, and perhaps worse than impertinent.

Such is, precisely, the feeling of the Italian towards the Englishman who talks about the restoration of the Papal authority over Rome. With respect to this general question of the discussion of public affairs the Italian and the Englishman are very much alike. Both nations have their reservations; English people grow restive when their monarchy is criticized; Italians are growing sensitive in the same direction as they come to realize the debt which they owe to their own monarchy; and in the meantime they are (most naturally) touchy about Rome.

Ecclesiastical Rome is, then, intensely Italian, and therefore a subject of pride and rejoicing for all good Italians. In so far as it claims to be something else than ecclesiastical it is no longer possible, as we see by the majestic assertiveness of Royal Rome. Spiritually, Ecclesiastical Rome is at a standstill, if a visitor is qualified to express an opinion. Hardly can a comparison of St. Peter's with St. Paul's be avoided. St. Peter's is larger, but St. Paul's is more harmonious, as the natural result of being the work of one architect. Owing to the radiant atmosphere of Rome St. Peter's is cleaner; it might have been built yesterday. St. Paul's is dirty, and it has even been suggested that the chief of the Fire Brigade might occupy the spare time of his men (if they have any spare time) in cleaning St. Paul's—*i. e.* in removing its rich *patina*—a barbarous thought. The lavish employment of gold and the faithful observance of classical traditions of decoration enhance the grandeur of St. Peter's. Many of us admire, and many deprecate, the mosaics of St. Paul's. Which ever view may be just, it can hardly be maintained that the mosaics increase the sense of size. As to the music, musicians appear to be agreed that the service in St. Paul's is the noblest in the world. St. Paul's is vastly more interesting, not only on account of the interest of individual monuments, but because those monuments proclaim the church to be the church of the land; the arid ecclesiasticism of St. Peter's shrivels the soul. St. Paul's, "in streaming London's central roar," really dominates the city, in spite of every thwarting of Wren's designs; it seems to consecrate the strenuous toil of the great capital. St. Peter's dominates nothing; hardly even the Trastevere, certainly not Rome. If any monument is to dominate Rome it will be the monument to King Victor Emmanuel.



Pagan Rome is the Rome to which the world renders lip service daily with a loud voice. Whether the homage thus offered is more than lip service prompted by the claims of "vested interests" is a fair question. Let us, however, assume it to be genuine. Let us assume that the devotees of classical learning would really like to do something to prove their gratitude to Rome. There are (if one is rightly informed) 400 universities in the United States alone. They might not all subscribe, but perhaps it is not extravagant to assume that we might count upon 500 faculties throughout the world contributing 10l. apiece annually to a fund for the rebuilding of the Forum.

Rome could do something with half a million sterling, which would take a century to collect at this rate. But long before the century was reached, or even the half-century, or probably twenty-five years, we should have large donations falling in, so that the difficulty would be not so much to raise the money as to content the ardor of donors and subscribers who would want to see the completed work as soon as possible.

Architecture and archaeology have been so attentively studied that quite a large number of people must know exactly what the Forum was like in the days of its grandeur. There are, however, two conditions to be maintained; the first is that work should be under the immediate sanction, patronage, and control of the King; and the second is that there should be no nonsense about "international commissions." That being done, many of us might live to see realized the atmosphere of De Quincey's dream: "at a clapping of hands would be heard the heart-shaking sound of *Consul Romanus*; and immediately came 'sweeping by' in gorgeous paludaments, Paullus or Marius, girt around by a company of

The Nineteenth Century and After.

centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear, and followed by the *atalagos* of the Roman legions."

One might even venture to suggest a dedicatory inscription:

#### A ROMA

IL MONDO RICONOSCENTE.  
1950.

There could be nothing derogatory to the pride of Romans in this willing tribute, and the completed work would appeal to their poetic and historic sense. The Forum would be the most impressive building in the world; a noble demonstration of the oneness of history, and of incalculable value and delight to the erudite and the student. In their present condition the ruins are a truly deplorable sight, the most distressing spectacle imaginable; one prefers Wandsworth Common.

But they do occupy a very considerable area of Rome, and of course it is not hard to imagine the advent of some terrible "practical" person who will call for the building of flats in this eligible building locality. The practical person would have a good many sound arguments on his side, so it would be no more than "practical" to anticipate him rather than to give him time and opportunity to become a force requiring suppression.

This article might be indefinitely extended. It might include statistics; but statistics are most treacherous auxiliaries, as the author of "*L'Italia non farà da se*" knows well; and modern Italy is too great for statistics.

If one who has vaticinated and recanted may still be allowed the privilege of private judgment, he would say that the Risorgimento is the most successful revolt of the spirit against modernism—which is the deification of mediocrity. It behooves the good throughout the world to offer to Rome the tribute of their gratitude and admiration.

Walter Freuden Lord.



## THE HEEL OF ACHILLES.

Offices of Stetlow, Barnes & Burns,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

Tuesday, April 14th.

Miss Josephine Tapscott.

Dear Madam,—We shall be obliged if you will kindly call at these offices to-morrow (Tuesday) between the hours of ten and eleven A.M., on a matter of great importance to you.—Yours faithfully,

Robert F. Stetlow.

### I.

Miss Tapscott sat down suddenly—in a sort of collapse of despair—crossed her two shaking, work-hardened hands on the edge of the table, laid her tired old head upon them, and her shoulders gave one or two sharp, convulsive heaves.

"I suppose I'm about due to give up," she said forlornly. "I've worked and worked, and fought a losin' battle for nigh on to thirteen year, but I reckon I've come to the end at last. It'll be the landlord or the butcher a-suin'—or mebbly both—and dear knows where in the world I'm goin' to get the money to pay 'em."

A little gush of tears—the first she had shed in many a long year—brought the soliloquy to a close; and, half-angry with herself for the momentary weakness, she got up and bustled about the kitchen, making a pretence of working, as if to deceive herself. Not that there was much sense in attempting to do either, when it comes to that. Because, for one thing, she couldn't blunt her consciousness of the existing evil if she tried, and, for another, there wasn't any work left to be done, since Miss Brady the showroom model and Miss Stevens the typist had had their breakfast and gone off to business a good hour and a half ago; and, at the

present time, these two young women represented all the boarders of whose patronage Miss Tapscott could boast.

A quiet, self-contained maiden lady, coming from somewhere down in Cornwall—and bringing with her all the wonderful arts of cookery and house-keeping for which that county is well known—there had been a time when Miss Tapscott was a power in her small way, and her select Boarding-House for Young Women filled to overflowing, while applicants waited three deep for any chance vacancy that might occur. But the removal of the paper-box factory, from which she drew her *clientèle*, and, finally, the opening of bigger and more up-to-date boarding-houses—where they took young men as well as young women, a thing Miss Tapscott would never do—had cut into her custom and clearly proved that not all the delicious turn-overs, pasties, etc., of which she was justly proud, were of the least avail against the charm of nightly dances in the parlor with masculine partners, a Saturday night "hop" once a month, and a landlady who didn't care a fig whether you were indoors every night at nine o'clock or not.

So the Tapscott following dwindled and vanished, and hard times knocked audibly at Miss Josephine's door. For she had always been scrupulously exact in the matter of giving full value for money received; and this principle left very little reserve to fall back upon in time of need—so little, in fact, that there was nothing to spare for replenishing worn-out articles as time took its toll of them; while the suggestion of moving into a more promising neighborhood—where new ones would *have* to be supplied, and where none of her carpets and none of her blinds could be relied upon to fit—

simply wouldn't bear thinking of for a moment.

But if her fortunes failed, her conscience didn't, and she simply couldn't bring herself to cut down expenses by diminishing either the quality or the quantity of the food she set before her boarders; and as retrenchment had to be made somewhere, she diminished both the quality and the quantity of her own instead, dismissed her servant, took double work on her own shoulders, and went on struggling and pinching and starving and hoping, and never wholly lost heart until to-day.

"Well, I suppose I've got to face it, whatever it be," she said forlornly, as she put the broom behind the door, hung her apron upon its accustomed peg, and spying a few crumbs under the table, brushed them carefully up and put them in the coal-scuttle. "I'd a liked to hev' made jist enough to go back to the country and end my days there in peace, for I've had a pretty hard life of it, takin' it all in all. But it seems like 'twarn't to be; and if only I ain't drove to the workhouse"

— Her voice choked up and her lips twitched. *That* was a possibility that wouldn't bear thinking over.

As briskly as she could she put on her hat and wrap and her outdoor shoes (which were *very* thin and worn), locked up the house, and sallied forth afoot to the offices of Messrs. Stetlow, Barnes, & Burns; for, although the walk was long and the morning was wet, expending twopence for bus-fare was an extravagance to which she dared not rise.

It was close on ten o'clock when she arrived at the car end of Lincoln's Inn, and, with a sinking sensation about the heart, opened the door and crept guiltily into the outer offices of Messrs. Stetlow, Barnes, & Burns's establishment, and made known her business by extending the senior partner's

letter and saying to the clerk who came forward, "I've come about this. Be the gentleman in, or hev' I come too early? It's worried me a good deal, and I thought I'd better git it over as soon as I could."

"Ah, yes. Step this way please," replied the clerk, opening a door and ushering her into a sort of waiting-room. "Mr. Stetlow is engaged just now, but he'll see you presently. Would you care to look at the morning paper while you are waiting?"

"I don't think I could read it if I tried," admitted Miss Tapscott with unconscious pathos. "I'm too nervous and upset, I'm afraid. But thanky all the same. I suppose you couldn't tell me whether it's Mr. Slinks the butcher or Mr. Havens the landlord that's a-suin', could you? It 'ud sorter relieve my mind to know."

"I haven't the faintest idea," replied the clerk, with the calm indifference of his kind. "Sit down, please, and as soon as Mr. Stetlow is disengaged I'll tell him you are here."

Then he went out and left her, and shut the door behind him; and, in a state of trembling nervousness, Miss Tapscott sat down on the very edge of one of the big leather-covered chairs, squeezed her hands together hard, and waited. And so she was still sitting and still waiting when, at the expiration of twenty minutes, he came back, and, with a serene "Step this way, please," opened another door and ushered her into Mr. Robert Stetlow's presence.

He was a large, sunny-faced, portly man of middle age, so utterly unlike Miss Tapscott's idea of what that dreaded individual a lawyer must be that she took heart of grace, and in response to his cheery "Good-morning, Miss Tapscott; pleased to see you," fired the burning question at him point-blank: "Be it Mr. Slinks or Mr. Havens that's a-suin'?" she inquired

tremblingly. "Whichever it be, I don't know how I'm goin' to pay 'em till times gits better—I don't, indeed, Mr. Stetlow. But mebbly it's both of 'em a-suin' together? Is it?"

"Quite to the contrary, my dear madam," responded Mr. Stetlow cheerily. "You haven't been brought here in reference to a lawsuit, but in the capacity of a beneficiary."

"A which?" said Miss Tapscott, wrinkling up her brows in a puzzled way. "I'm afraid I don't jist understand."

"Remember having a lady named Berkenshaw boarding with you some seven or eight years ago—a Mrs. Martha Berkenshaw?"

"Law! yes," replied Miss Tapscott. "A widdier lady she was. Come from somewheres up in Yorkshire, lookin' after a niece of hers—her dead sister's darter as she'd lost sight of. She was took with pneumony while she was a-boardin' with me, and I nursed her. She had an awful time. I thought once she was goin' to die, but she pulled through."

"Owing to your careful and tireless nursing."

"Well, I can't say as I ever thought *that*."

"She did, however," said Mr. Stetlow, "and she has done her best to prove it. She had a house and some property in Yorkshire, Miss Tapscott, when she died six weeks ago; and, in return for your kindness to her, she has left you half of her possessions, together with the sum of one hundred pounds in ready money, and you've been summoned here this morning to receive it."

For just one moment Miss Tapscott stood and looked at him with wide, unwinking eyes, then she sat down and put both hands over her face and made a queer little sound far down in her throat.

Not a lawsuit, but a legacy! Not

the workhouse, nor yet the dreaded mysteries of a courtroom, but the dream of her declining years come true—a house in the country, with the green fields, and the flowers, and the birds, and the fruit-trees; a house in the country, that was *hers*—her very own property!—and, added to that, one hundred pounds in the bank! The reaction was so great that for a moment she trembled on the verge of crying.

"You're sure I'm wide awake? You're sure this ain't all a dream?" she said doubtfully, uncovering her eyes and looking up into Mr. Stetlow's face. "You're sure it's really mine?"

"Quite sure," he answered. "Yours and her niece's together. You are colleagues. There's a fine, large farmhouse and twelve acres of land, and you and Mrs. Thorburn are to share and share alike."

"Mrs. Thorburn! Who's she?"

"Mrs. Berkenshaw's niece. She married against her aunt's wishes, it appears, and they were estranged shortly after coming together. But the old lady seems to have repented at the last and linked her name with yours in her will. I am expecting Mrs. Thorburn here every minute with her little boy. She is a widow. Her husband died three months ago and left her in rather straitened circumstances. She has ben supporting herself and her little son by giving music-lessons since Mr. Thorburn's death. She is not in very good health, although she is young and extremely good-looking. You will like her and her little boy, I am sure."

"I ain't fond of children and I detest *boys*," said Miss Tapscott with an amount of bitterness which made him arch his brows and look at her in surprise. "I don't care for young widders nuther. I never would take one in to board even in my hardest times. And a young widdier with a *boy*? I

hope she won't want to live in the house. I hope she'll rent me her part. I want to live alone. I couldn't stand a boy. Boys is only men getting ready to grow up; and I hate men! I wish I'd never seen one—I wish I'd never hev' to speak to one again to the day of my death!"

Mr. Stetlow suppressed a whistle.

"Forty-five, if she's a day," was his mental tally. "With an incipient moustache, a face like a hatchet, feet like a grenadier, and yet—she's had a romance! God bless us and save us! what kind of man must the fellow have been, when, according to her own showing, she didn't even have money to gild the pill?"

His reflections were cut short by the sound of a piping, childish voice, mingled with the rustle of a woman's skirt, which proceeded from the outer office. He turned sharply to the door, opened it, and held out a welcoming hand.

"Ah, good morning, Mrs. Thorburn," he said, "I thought I recognized our young inquirer's voice.—Well, Master Want-to-know, found out yet 'what makes pussy-cats *boil* when you stroke them?'—You are just in time, Mrs. Thorburn. Allow me to have the pleasure of introducing you to your co-legatee, Miss Josephine Tapscott."

Miss Tapscott, who had sat silent and motionless, with her eyes moodily fixed on the floor, glanced up. A young and radiantly lovely woman, with fair hair and blue eyes, was standing before her arrayed in widow's weeds, and extending a small kid-gloved hand in smiling greeting. A little knot of violets was on her breast, and a boy of between four and five years of age was clinging to her skirt.

"Indeed, I am glad to meet you, Miss Tapscott," said the young widow in a singularly musical voice. "In the days before I offended her by—by

marrying Walter, my aunt used to speak often of you and your kindness to her when she was so very ill. This is my little boy, Miss Tapscott.—Wally dear, say 'Good-morning' to Miss Tapscott, and tell her you are pleased to meet her."

"Dood-mornin'," said the child obediently. "Pleased meet you.—Oh, mummy dear, did all those funny 'little curls over her ears grow like that?'"

Mr. Stetlow diplomatically clapped his hand over the young questioner's mouth and drew him away.

"Come here and see what's in this box, you young reprobate!" he whispered with a suppressed laugh. "That inquiring mind of yours is likely to upset the whole apple-cart, bless your pretty eyes!"

"Please forgive him, Miss Tapscott," said Mrs. Thorburn, blushing with mortification. "He's only a baby. He doesn't mean to be rude. I am sure you will learn to love him when you get to know him better.—Don't you, Mr. Stetlow?"

"Humph! a reg'lar man-trap! Won't hev' one around unless he's dancin' attendance on her," commented Miss Tapscott mentally.—"I'm not partial to children," she said aloud, as she laid the tips of her fingers in the extended hand and let them slip away again—a mere compromise with the laws of etiquette. "And boys in partic'lar I can't abide. I'd ruther live alone, if it makes no difference to you, and I was jist sayin' to Mr. Stetlow when you come in that I wondered if you'd mind rentin' your share of the house to me. I don't think me and you and that boy 'u'd be altogether comfortable livin' together, and if you and him 'u'd like to live summers else"——

"Oh, Miss Tapscott! please don't suggest it," said Mrs. Thorburn with a frightened look in her soft eyes. "If you knew what it means to me I am

sure that you wouldn't. I—I am not strong. My lungs are weak, the doctors tell me, and I must get out into the fresh air of the country as soon as possible. If anything were to happen to me what would become of my baby-boy? He has only me in all the world, Miss Tapscott, and if I were to be taken from him—Oh, I am so sorry, so sorry! I thought we should be such company for each other."

Even Achilles had a vulnerable spot in his heel; but whether Miss Tapscott's was in her heel or her heart, no matter, she weakened.

"I don't want no 'company,'" she replied grimly. "But I ain't one to stand out when it's a question of a body's health. So, as you don't want to give up the house, and I don't nuther, I reckon the best thing we can do is to partition it off even; you live in your half and I live in mine, and no interferin' one with the other. If that's agreeable, all that's left is to decide which half you'll take and which half I'm to hev'. I ain't never seen the place. Hev' you?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Thorburn. "I was there yesterday. I think I should prefer the east side; but that wouldn't be wholly fair to you, because all the roses grow on that side, and I love roses—they were Walter's favorite flowers."

Miss Tapscott's face set squarely and hardened.

"I hate 'em!" she said with exceeding bitterness. "The very sight of 'em makes me sick, and I wouldn't trust a man who was fond of 'em as far as I could throw him. I never knowed but one man who really and truly loved 'em, and he was the vilest human critter that ever lived. In jail this minute, if he's got his just de-

*Chambers's Journal.*

serts. You kin hev' the roses if you want 'em—I don't. I'll take the west side for mine."

So the matter was settled; and, after lingering a while longer to arrange all preliminaries in the way of signatures, etc., and with a check for fifty pounds in her pocket to defray the expenses of the dividing partition, Miss Tapscott left the offices of Stetlow, Barnes, & Burns with a step that was positively elastic. Her first duty was scrupulously to settle all her bills and to obtain release from her landlord by paying a small bonus, then to gather together such of her household gods as she wished to retain, and send them to Yorkshire, selling the rest to the second-hand dealers for what they would bring; and two days later the farm-people passing in the neighborhood of the late Mrs. Berkenshaw's house were treated to the spectacle of an alert, shrill-voiced female superintending the erection of a high board-fence which completely divided house and grounds into two even sections from the front gate clear down to the rear boundary-wall.

On the east side of this dividing barrier clustered all the rose-bushes the place boasted, thick with green promise of leaf and flower; on the west, apple and cherry trees frothed with opening blossoms the tender foliage of arched boughs and spilt flecks of pink-and-white on the rolled walks and the close-cropped grass; and under that living arch walked from dawn to dark—as though she couldn't get enough of God's free air and sunshine—the little old maid who for nearly thirteen years had drudged and suffered and worn her life away between the four dreary walls of a London boarding-house.

*Kate Thurston Marsh.*

*(To be concluded.)*

## THE CULT OF THE MONSTER WAR-SHIP.

The question of the "Monster War-ship" has been referred—and not by those who perceive the vices of the type so designated—to the tribunal of the public Press. The adoption—to use a convenient definition—of the "Dreadnought" construction policy was accompanied by a flood of laudation in the columns of the most influential or most widely circulated newspapers. Wherever it may have originated, or whatever may have been its object, this did, undoubtedly, have the effect of inducing the country to believe that we were producing a ship-of-war which would render all existing ships obsolete, or, at the least, would send them a long way on the road to premature obsolescence. Were men — whose prolonged experience cannot be denied, and who, perhaps, may, without vanity, lay claim to such knowledge as that experience would almost necessarily impart—to permit, without attempting to refute it, what they honestly believed to be an incorrect estimate of the belligerent qualities of the new type to be strewn broadcast amongst newspaper readers? The mere fact of appealing to the tribunal of the Press was a challenge to the men to whom allusion is made to show cause in the same forum against hasty acceptance of a serious innovation. The gauntlet thrown down was taken up, with what result has still to be seen.

I do not care to occupy your space or waste my time in repudiating the ignoble suggestions of personal animus which the challengers and their journalistic mouthpieces have not hesitated to make. My own attitude towards the "monster war-ship" has long been known to every one who thought my opinions worth ascertaining; and that attitude—whatever its importance or insignificance—was assumed before the

"Dreadnought" construction policy was announced to the public. The increase in size of modern capital ships till quite recently was supported by arguments the force of which could not be ignored; and it may be said to have been a natural or logical increase. There appeared, however, to be this danger; viz., that a time might come when unreasoning megalomania would exercise a predominating influence on construction and when the essential belligerent qualities of the man-of-war would be sacrificed to an inconsiderate desire to turn out what would look like an imposing or monumental production. That the apprehension of this danger was not unfounded has been proved by the course of events. Detailed technicalities would be out of place in your columns, therefore figures had better be avoided as far as possible. It may, however, be said that, whilst in the pre-"Dreadnought" days battle-ships' displacement increased in thirteen years by about 15 per cent.; the construction of the "Dreadnought" occasioned in four years an increase of 26 per cent. This was accompanied by an increase in the draught of water of more than 10 per cent., viz., from 28 feet 5 inches to 31 feet 6 inches, a fact of the utmost gravity, as every navigator knows. Nor is this all. There has been an increase on the dimensions of the "Dreadnought" herself in the designs of her immediate successors; and that increase has been further augmented in still later designs. It will not be contended by any one that the essential conditions of naval warfare have changed anything like proportionately to the increases mentioned.

The claim that the "Dreadnought" had rendered all existing ships, if not quite obsolete, at least obsolescent, was



circulated by the newspapers in 1905. It would be difficult to believe, if there were not an official document to prove it, that two years afterwards, viz., in July, 1907, the House of Lords was informed that we had, besides the "Dreadnought," thirty-eight completed battleships which were not considered obsolescent. France and Germany were shown in the same document—the so-called "Cawdor Return"—to have twenty-four completed non-obsolescent battleships between them; whilst the United States had eighteen. Consequently, the three powers together had just forty-two completed battleships not considered obsolescent to put against our thirty-eight. This was an undeniably strong position for us. The claim advanced on behalf of the "Dreadnought" amounted to nothing less than an attempt to make us forfeit that position.

The "Dreadnought" type either is what its advocates in the Press assert, or it is not. If it is, then, so far from being in a position of almost unapproachable superiority, we are now little better than on a level with a previously far out-distanced competitor, and this immense decline in relative naval strength will have been due to our own act. Is, it must be asked, the "Dreadnought" type so predominantly efficient as its advocates loudly and persistently assert? There is no inconsiderable body of opinion against the loud and persistent assertion.

Putting the case in general terms, it may be said that the fighting efficiency of a man-of-war depends upon what she can do in battle. The gun being the principal weapon, her offensive power is measured by the effect that her gun-armament can produce. All naval history since cannon were first mounted afloat, proves—good shooting being, of course, assumed—that the effect of the gun armament is directly proportionate to the volume of fire from pieces of

suitable calibre that a ship or a fleet can bring upon an opponent. This was amply corroborated by the experience of the late war in the Far East; which, no doubt, is the reason why the Japanese will not discard the so-called "secondary armament," and, thus, will not adopt the method of arming the "Dreadnought" and her successors with 12-inch guns alone. The more moderate the weight of the gun, and the greater the number that can be mounted in a given ship, the more formidable will be the volume of fire that she can pour into an adversary. It is, of course, unnecessary to arm her with pop-guns; ballistics and power of bursting shell have to be taken into account, with the result that an armament comprising guns of 10-inch, 9.2 inch, or 6-inch calibre has been found to be very formidable. The "King Edward VII." has a broadside of four 12-inch, two 9.2 inch, and five 6-inch guns; and in a given time can direct against an opposing ship a more effective fire than that which could be delivered by the "Dreadnought" in the same period. A part of every armored battleship's side is unarmored. In the "Dreadnought" that part is proportionally very large, and at the longest fighting range is quite perforable by shot from guns of moderate calibre. The heavier bursting charges of 12-inch shell must not be left out of account; but there is no reason to suppose that the bursters of 9.2 inch and 6-inch shell are not powerful enough, when poured in in large numbers, to wreck the ship hit. It must be remembered that the "King Edward" also has four 12-inch guns of her own, able to discharge the more powerful shells.

It has been officially stated in Parliament that some officers serving afloat—whose opinion was evidently thought by the authorities worth quoting—prefer the "King Edward" type to the

"Dreadnought" type. It would, perhaps, be going too far to assume that they consider the "King Edward" individually superior, or equal to the "Dreadnought"; but one inevitable result of their opinion is that the factors which make up the fighting efficiency of the two ships are far less costly in money in the "King Edward" than in the "Dreadnought" type. This is of great importance, as will be seen directly we contemplate the financial consequences of a "Dreadnought" construction policy. Not only does each ship of that class cost a great deal more than a ship of the earlier class; it is also impossible to avoid a rapidly successive augmentation of cost. From the "Dreadnought" we soon went to the "Temeraire" and her sisters; and from these to the "St. Vincent" and hers, size and cost increasing in each case. The principle of this construction policy is the out-building of rivals. The nominal 17,300 tons of the "Dreadnought" have already been carried by the Germans to the 19,000 tons (nominal of the "Nassau" and "Westfalen.") If we do not "throw up the sponge" we must go on and out-do these. As it is, merely in order to preserve equality with two Powers, we shall have—if we persist in the "Dreadnought" policy—to turn out each year six monster battleships, costing £2,000,000 apiece; whilst we shall also have to build the usual complement of other vessels, besides meeting the additional expenditure for enlarged docks and basins and deepened channels necessitated by adoption of the monster type. A few weeks ago the Berlin correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette," when reporting the construction of monster ships in Germany, stated that it would be necessary for us to increase our naval expenditure next year to £41,000,000. He left out several things which it will be necessary to provide for. Consequently

his estimate is really a low one.

It is argued by writers in newspapers that we must go on with our monster-ship building policy, because other nations have adopted it. This is simply absurd. If other nations go wrong, there is no reason whatever why we, dependent on a properly efficient navy as we are, should continue to go wrong also. It is also argued that as we have embarked on the policy we must stick to it. This is, if possible, still more ridiculous, and, moreover, is opposed to our own experience. I commanded a ship which in her day—twenty-two years ago—was regarded by certain people as of something of the same kind of advanced type as the "Dreadnought" is regarded by some now. The ship in question was submitted to prolonged trials in comparison with other types. The result was not considered satisfactory, and the type of ship was promptly and permanently abandoned. The "Devastation" of the "seventies" of the last century had been similarly tried, and her design also was not perpetuated. These examples deserve attention. Another argument sometimes adduced is that the time must come when a rival power will have to stop in the race for continuously increasing dimensions and continuously increasing cost. Those who use this argument do not see that as soon as the rival finds it impossible to go on with the increase he will direct all his intelligence to finding some method of neutralizing the value of our monsters in other ways. We profess to think much of the torpedo, the submarine boat, and the submerged mine; and yet the more huge the ship the more is she exposed to the danger of injury or destruction by these and—if injured or destroyed—the greater the gap that she will leave in the fleet.

If we allow that every battleship designed before the "Dreadnought" was

laid down has been made obsolete, we must face two things—viz., early reduction to an equality with a single rival naval Power, and a greatly in-

The Nation.

creased expenditure of money even if we try no more than to maintain that equality.

Cyprian A. G. Bridge.

## LORD KELVIN'S PHILOSOPHY.\*

### EXPLANATION IN TERMS OF FORCE OR OF MOTION? ACTION ACROSS EMPTY SPACE OR THROUGH A MEDIUM?

One of the most interesting and important outcomes of last year's meeting of the British Association at Leicester was the declaration by Lord Kelvin, during a memorable discussion on the constitution of the atom, in Section A, that he had found it necessary to abandon the attempt to contemplate the material universe explicitly in terms of æther and motion, and for his own part preferred to resort to the Boscovich doctrine of centres of force acting on each other according to some curiously complex law, without specific attention to the hypothetical medium in which such forces may exist.

Now undoubtedly these ancient postulates of matter and force represent the dynamical method first made feasible by Newton's achievement in celestial physics, whereby phenomena were correlated by unexplained particles of matter acted upon by unexplained forces, of statical origin and unknown mechanism, according to a specified law of distance. This was how Newton successfully solved the problems of gravitation, and constructed the working theory of astronomy; but it had been hoped, and by some is still hoped, that the time had now come for seeking to represent, in terms of something simpler and more fundamental, the nature of matter and the origin or inner mechanism of its various forces.

The most powerful and hopeful lever wherewith to attack this great philo-

sophical problem was the kinetic theory of elasticity and rigidity, introduced by Lord Kelvin himself. By this means it has been hoped to express force in terms of the still simpler conception of motion; in fact, to explain all the forces with which physicists have to do—electrical and chemical attraction, elasticity, magnetism, cohesion, and perhaps gravitation—in terms of the internal motions of a universally connecting fluid plenum.

But now the question arises, is it at all certain that the material universe can really be understood in terms of motion alone—motion of an all-pervading continuous fluid known as the æther of space? And would such a solution be satisfactory?

To many it has seemed that this reduction to simplicity was the closest approach to ultimate explanation and unification that could be hoped for in the domain of mathematics and physics; and during the last half-century many steps, apparently in the direction of such an achievement, have been taken by the leaders in these branches of human knowledge.

The mathematical foundation was laid by Helmholtz, when he reduced rotational or vortex motion in perfect fluid under the domain of mathematics; it was followed up by Lord Kelvin's kinetic or gyrostatic theory of elasticity and rigidity; so that mathematicians, such as FitzGerald, Heaviside, Larmor,

\*Being thoughts suggested by the meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association at Leicester in August,

1907; and referred to in Sir Oliver Lodge's recent Presidential Address to the Faraday Society, May 28, 1908.

Hicks, J. J. Thomson, and others, as well as Lord Kelvin himself, have, from various points of view, endeavored to devise a scheme of spinning motion in a perfect fluid plenum which should be able to accomplish in general terms all that the æther is known to perform: more particularly that it should be able to imitate its faculty of transmitting the transverse or solid quiverings that we call light, yet without resisting the motion of bodies through it; and at the same time that it should be able to maintain its own turbulent or whirlpool motion in an unconfused and regularly stable condition throughout infinite time. And in this difficult undertaking they have from time to time seemed partially successful; at any rate, they have reached suggestive results and opened up stimulating vistas.

The æther must be incompressible, too, being perfectly continuous without breaks or any kind of atomic or granular structure, save such as may be conferred upon it by reason of its infra-material internal motion. An infinitesimally turbulent liquid of some kind seemed the desideratum, and many have been the attempts to devise such a liquid. An interlaced system of vortex fibres or filaments has to some seemed the most likely device; a similar scheme was a system of plates or laminar vortices; while a third modification conceived it as a collection of connected filaments all in a state of rapid internal motion, though stationary as regards locomotion in space;—what might be called a vortex sponge. By some such means it was hoped to be able to combine the elastic rigidity appropriate to a solid, with the penetrable unresistance to motion of solids through it, characteristic of a perfect fluid, and with the complete incompressibility of an ideal liquid. But the mathematical difficulties of all such treatment have been rather over-

whelming; and an uncertainty about the stability or permanence of such a medium has always obtruded itself in a discouraging manner.

In fact, there has always been a troublesome amount of instability in all the schemes that have hitherto been devised, so that none of the expounders of the motion doctrine was able to announce a finally satisfactory result.

Still it was felt by most of those who have worked at the subject that the outlook in this direction would be so bright, if initial difficulties could be overcome, that it was worth a long-continued effort to see if a coherent scheme could be planned on these lines, so as to secure what, if it turned out to be the truth, would surely be a magnificent generalization.

Indeed, it has sometimes seemed unlikely that a mode of explanation which offered such attractive features, and led so far in the right direction, could, after all, be a blind alley leading nowhere; or, to vary the metaphor, a mere will-of-the-wisp which it was waste of time to pursue.

What has certainly been made out is that motion of atomic structures, in an æther with elasticity postulated, supplies a complete working scheme on which we can rest without inquiring further as to the origin of this elasticity. Beyond this, the attempt to explain the material universe on a purely kinetic basis has not made much progress in quite recent years; and, to those competent to attack it, it has probably seemed better to let the problem lie dormant for a time, until future discoveries in mathematics or in physics threw more light upon the rocky path or provided us with better instruments for climbing it.

During the epoch of waiting it now appears that our venerated chief was deflected from further attempts in this direction, and directed his attention elsewhere. Other methods seemed to

him more immediately hopeful; and whereas it had been hoped to explain force in terms of latent motion, Lord Kelvin in later years sought to expound motion in terms of force, giving up the kinetic unification of the material universe in favor of a conception more arbitrary and descriptive, and permitting himself to regard force as perhaps an equally fundamental, perhaps a more fundamental, conception than motion.

It may be that philosophers will concede the (to me) somewhat improbable proposition that an explanation in terms of force and action-at-a-distance will be as satisfactory as an elucidation in terms of motion and a continuous medium. To Lord Kelvin it would appear that both solutions were equally satisfactory, and that it was only a question of which was the most tractable. In any case it is noteworthy that he took up so clear and definite a position; it is the key to much of his recent work, and to the difficulties which he felt in accepting some of the hypotheses which are a natural consequence of the electrical theory of matter and of some of the facts of radio-activity. It now seems not unnatural that he should have sought to express and explain these great results otherwise. His attitude is both coherent and reasonable; though I would urge that most theoretical advance and discovery (in the hands of Maxwell and others) has been along the continuous and medium line, which, if not the line of ultimate explanation, is at any rate that of achievement.

At the same time, it must be admitted that, if a longitudinal impulse is transmitted by an incompressible medium at an infinite pace, the process becomes barely distinguishable from action at a distance, through a force varying according to a specified law. Or—putting what is virtually the same

Nature.

thought in another way—the influence of an electron, or matter-unit, whose field of force extends infinitely in all directions, need not be conceived as limited by some arbitrary boundary beyond which things can be said to be at a distance from it.

It will be remembered that some of the old philosophers saw great difficulties in the abstract conception of motion. It appears as a curious evanescent transition from one place to another, involving the attribute of "time"; it is indeed "not a being but a becoming," when position is taken as the primary conception.

But I urge that it is simplest to regard "position" and "distance" as secondary conceptions, subordinate to and arising out of our perception of motion. Unless motion is supposed to be a thing directly apprehended, it is truly rather an elusive idea. To me it seems a direct apprehension—direct information conveyed by our muscular sense. Space itself seems a *consequence* deduced from our perception of motion; and the idea of time follows from our direction perception of *rapidity* of motion. But probably to Lord Kelvin these things appeared otherwise.

The conclusion of the discussion on the constitution of the atom may be summed up thus:—

The internal energy of Lord Kelvin's model atom is static or potential. The internal energy of the hypothetical atom at which others are working is kinetic.

The disintegration of radium in the former case is comparable to the explosion of an unstable chemical compound, like gun-cotton. In the latter case it must be represented by something more akin to the flying to pieces of a single rapidly spinning unit, such as a fly-wheel.

And so for the present the matter stands.

Oliver Lodge.



**THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE.**

It is more than three centuries since John Davis, conceiving in his own mind that there should be a shorter way round to the Pacific than the route by Cape Horn, set out from England to find that which ought to exist. All he was fated to discover was Davis Strait, between Greenland and Labrador, the great gate of the narrow sea-way that cuts off North America from all lands to the north; but he was the pioneer of an enterprise that has swallowed up many lives and incalculable treasure, and has lasted until the years 1903-6, when Roald Amundsen's little expedition, of which the chronicle lies before us, sailed through from Christiania to Cape Nome. The long interval is filled with the record of persevering heroism. There were Baffin and Bylot in 1616, who pushed through Davis's gateway and found the opening of the first of the narrower straits of the Passage, running due west into the unknown ice. Thirty years later the attack opened from the side of the Pacific, then Dejnér the Pole discovered that a neck of sea cut off Asia from the north-western arm of the American continent; and then in 1728 came Behring the Dane, who sailed through that neck and named it Behring Strait, which should be the western gate of the Passage. Fifty years more and Captain Cook passed up that strait, and made his way northeast to Icy Cape.

The ends of the North-West Passage had been opened. Who would first push through? The British Government had promised twenty thousand pounds to the man who should do it. But the offer had been open for nearly eighty years before Captain John Ross set out in 1818. Ross made mistakes to an extent that would crush most

men. Instead of penetrating through Baffin's furthest westward opening, Lancaster Strait, he insisted that there was no channel there and returned. All his officers disagreed with him, and Edward Parry, the chief of them, sailed next year, passed Lancaster Strait, and made a giant stride along the Passage, wintering at Melville Island. Now came the extraordinary Captain Ross again upon the scene. Proved to be wrong, he swallowed his humiliation, entered the Passage in 1829 in the first steamship to cut the Arctic Sea, and spent four years in the ice upon Boothia Felix, returning in boats from the ice-crushed ruins of his vessel. James Clark Ross, his nephew, followed him. He it was who determined the position of the magnetic pole on Boothia. Many expeditions followed, and the most of the northern coast of the American continent was charted; but the Passage was undiscovered still when Franklin sailed with a hundred and thirty-four men, who never returned. For years they were sought by expedition after expedition, and all the world mourned them.

At last came the expeditions of Collinson and McClure, and the existence of the Passage was proved. When Rae discovered the strait that bears his name, the course of the Passage was known. Through Rae Strait, it is believed, through the narrow channel that cuts off America from King William Land, is the only route navigable by any vessel, the only path free from the fatal ice-pack. If the North-West Passage was ever to be accomplished, it must be through this strait. Roald Amundsen sailed through it. The most sensational hours of the three years that Amundsen spent with his small ship were



crowded into four days of August in 1905. At 3 A.M. on the 13th the *Gjøa* plunged into the fog from her anchorage beyond Rae Strait, and sounded her way westward where no keel had ever passed. Much of it was fearful navigation, in five fathoms, through a confusion of low-lying rocks. "We bungled through zigzag, as if we were drunk," says Amundsen. At 5 A.M. on the 17th Cape Colborne was reached, and waters that had known the weight of a ship; the middle section of the North-West Passage was complete; the first vessel had passed through it. On the 26th, as the *Gjøa* was passing out of the last of the narrows into the open Arctic, the lookout reported a sail to the westward. It was the *Charles Hanson*, a whaler out of San Francisco, and the North-West Passage from civilization to civilization had been traced from end to end by one ship's keel.

Amundsen's vessel was a Norwegian herring-boat, built for the fishery and employed in it before he picked her up. "Little was it dreamed," he remarks, "when she was being built in the Rosendal shipyard on the Hardanger, that she was to achieve this triumph, though," he adds thoughtfully, "it is hard to say what they do not dream of up there in the fjords." Amundsen, a man whose ambition from boyhood it was to tear her secrets from the Arctic, was accompanied by six men only: a Danish naval officer, two assistants with a training in the sciences needed, two seasoned seamen of the Arctic, and a cook. During the exploration of the Passage and the long labors of accurate observation to determine the

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present position of the magnetic pole, which were the most important tasks of the expedition from the point of view of science, but one life was lost; Gustav Wiik died of an illness when the great task was done and the expedition was wintering within the circle of civilization on the Alaska coast. Amundsen and his companions "constituted a little republic without strict laws," and "a voluntary spirit of discipline"—among half a dozen picked men—worked wonders. They were "a happy ship." Four of the six, during the second winter, "founded a Society the object of which was, as far as possible, to taste all the products of the land." With this the cook, an artist of a conventional school, refused to have anything to do. The expeditions saw much of the strange savages of the ice-country, and these two volumes<sup>1</sup> are full of curious, if not very scientific, anthropological observation on the ten tribes of Eskimo with whom Amundsen came in contact. Some knew a little of the white man and his ways, others nothing at all; and the captain records the melancholy conviction that "the Eskimo living absolutely isolated from civilization of any kind are undoubtedly the happiest, healthiest, most honorable, and most contented." They at any rate of all others, threatened by the expansion of Christendom, stand the best chance of survival, shielded by the ice and mists of that white land of cold that has seen the flag of the last of a long procession of fearless sailors, of Roald Amundsen and his little company on the *Gjøa*.

<sup>1</sup> "The North-west Passage." By Roald Amundsen. London: Constable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Two vols. \$8.00 net.

**"ET IN ARCADIA EGO."**

Thanks to Lord Kitchener, the "strenuous life" has swept the board in India; and in the country where, 'tis said, an Army Order once requested officers not to attend parade in pyjamas, one would not now be surprised to hear of their falling asleep, exhausted, in khaki.

Of a certainty the only thing that renders soldier-humanity equal to its peaceful task in India is the fact that, with ordinary luck and a kind Commanding Officer, three consecutive months of the hot weather may be spent on leave. This is the oil that smooths the working of a many-wheeled machine.

Leave obtained, the choice of spending it need not be long in doubt. There is a country near at hand which offers inducements to every taste, and where expense, that ever-growing worry in Indian life, may easily be curtailed. Kashmir—shrine and pilgrimage of our early dreams—suffers nothing in the realization, forming an exception to an all too common rule. No railway whisks us through it before we have become attuned to our surroundings, no smoke-grimed terminus smuggles us into its capital, nor do crowds of trippers force themselves upon our view; but in the good old style an excellent staging system brings Srinagar—Venice of the East—within three quiet days of Rawal Pindi, days full of the charm of road-travel and panoramic with sublimest scenery.

The first drive, from Rawal Pindi to the hill-station of Murree, a very steep climb, occupies about six hours. It is April, and the annual exodus to the hills has begun. Camels, carts, and coolies, scores of them to every mile, lurch along over the dusty road. A regiment of servants escorts the

*lares* and *penates* of the migrating sahibs, and the pet fox-terrier and dachshund—precious darlings that must not be left to risk the heated Plains—have each a swarthy retainer to conduct them with all state to their summer quarters. I marvelled that the musical summons of our driver, sounded on an old infantry bugle, as each new obstacle intervened, was obeyed with such alacrity and ease.

Pindi, as we left it, was showing signs of what it would do in the stoking line later on, and the contrast of the cold of the hills was very pleasant. Murree, and the various scattered summer stations for which that name stands, had just emerged from its covering of snow. The little town itself has nothing except the view to recommend it. On one side the Plains stretch away as far as the eye can reach; on the other, great, wooded spurs and deep-toned valleys open up vistas of wild and entralling scenery. Murree in another month will be full to overflowing, and the "season" in full swing. Mrs. Jones will be paying her round of calls—upon Mrs. Smythe, who is renting Esher, and Mrs. Snooks, who this year has taken Cleremont; Oakdene, Viewforth, and Ivybridge will be leaving cards on The Pineries, Snuggeries, and Rookeries, or cutting them, as the case may be; and strangers passing by the way will be thrilled with the appropriateness of the nomenclature, equally with the patriotic fervor which discovers that the beauties of the Surrey Hills have been clumsily parodied by mere vulgar offshoots of the Himalayas.

From Murree to Kohala, at which post a bridge over the Jhelum connects the Punjab with Kashmir, is a four hours' descent, along a road lit-

erally cut from the side of an abyss. On the one hand a mass of earth and rock goes sheer up to where "the mountain pines wag their high tops" against a cloudless sky; on the other the first impression is of limitless space—until the eye, startled by this immensity, stoops dizzily upon some mist-emerging crag, or soars to the skyey summits of the Pir Punjál.

Your conveyance is a *tonga*, a wide, low, two-wheeled cart, strongly built, and with a large hood to protect you from the sun. There are seats back and front, and it is best to sit behind, both for comfort's sake and because it is easier to "nip" out should the whole concern be precipitated into the depths. Your kit is strapped on over the mud-guards, and bestowed as cleverly as an Irish jarvey packs a side car, which says a great deal. As a rule, the ponies are evenly matched and very willing. At one of the most difficult stages, however, we had two animals of widely different dispositions. One was quiet and speedy; the other had the temper of a mule, and would not pull. Our driver touched him up with the whip, with the result that the brute aimed a vicious kick at him, and got his near hind hoof caught on the splash-board. The Kashmir road is a marvel of engineering, but at times, when the rains have done their worst, it is hampered by landslips. We were about the first up after one resumption of traffic, and the point where the pony made his demonstration hardly left room between cliff and precipice for us to squeeze past. Luckily, after hopping in an absurd fashion for some distance upon three legs, while his willing comrade still continued to canter, he managed to extricate his hoof, and proceeded in a less alarming way. But I noticed that the driver did not hit him again. Instead, he vented his rage on the more willing animal,

whenever the pace became unnecessarily slow. How often, I thought, does not a parallel little comedy occur in the world official!

At Kohala is one of those excellent *dák* bungalows which are to be found along the great roads of India, and in which you can get a hot bath, a good square meal, and sleeping accommodation if necessary, at quite reasonable cost. During the long descent from Murree you will have caught glimpses far below you, to the right, of Kashmir's great river Jhelum: a deep, muddy torrent here, different indeed from what it is to be when another day's journey will have brought you clear of the narrow gorge through which the road is cut. At Kohala the river thunders along just below the roadway, filling the air with spray. It is difficult to think of navigation in connection with such seething wildness. Yet nothing in the way of rivers could be found more placid than this great affluent of the Indus before it has reached the point where, in bygone ages, the pent-up waters of an inland sea first clove their way to freedom.

As your journey proceeds the air becomes soft and balmy as that of an English spring, for April in Kashmir resembles that which Chaucer sang of in ancient merrie England. The hawthorn greets you with that scent you never thought to know so far afield, and the trees, clad in their mantles of vivid green, are full of birds and melody. After the aridness and glare of the Plains, the dust, sweat, and eye-straining, all this makes "Paradise enow."

At Baramulla the gorge comes to an end, and here the river widens out into the valley of Kashmir. Here you may board the house-boat that is to be your home for the next three months, and a convenient movable base from which to explore the re-

moter valleys. On the way up to the capital you cross the beautiful Wullar Lake, only the tenth part, perhaps, of the great prehistoric sea that once pressed against the now broken barrier, and still the largest sheet of water in India. The native boatmen dread the squalls that come without warning, racing down from the heights, and it is often hard to induce your crew to quit the shelter of the shore.

The house-boat proper of Kashmir is much like that of the Thames, except that its stem and stern are raised to facilitate landing on the low banks of the rivers and canals. Your servants are chosen from among the boatmen. In their own intensely conservative way they are good boatmen, but exceedingly primitive servants. The man whom we chose for our personal attendant insisted to the last upon laying out the whole of our modest service when we took tea,—soup plates, carving-knife, and all. Our cook (an excellent fellow) always brought in the principal dish himself, and would listen at the door to hear how we received it. Our meals were prepared by this worthy in a little cook-boat which always accompanies a houseboat; and whether we tied up to the bank, or elected not to stop, was all one to this uncomplaining *chef*, who would bring his little boat alongside and serve up an appetizing and varied meal, all prepared on a little mud-grate, in an absurdly narrow compass. One thing we would not allow on the menu was a hash, for on coming out earlier than usual one morning we had surprised the cook employing our one-and-only toast-fork for the purpose of immersing in the river an unfortunate and extremely obese rat.

Srinagar is a city that conforms to none of our conventions, while fulfilling all that intangible something

that our nature craves. It cries aloud for the artist. At every turn, in every nook and corner, along each stretch of its river, there is a feast of beauty. And to think that London is crammed with men who prate of Art, know all its tricks and limit it with rules, who claim a very monopoly of æstheticism, and yet have never seen scenes such as these, nor wished to see them!

Here we have Nature unspoilt, and Nature moulding the artificialities of man to her behests. As you pass slowly up the river the city's aspect is uniquely beautiful. On either side the houses are crowded in picturesque confusion, one seeming to support the other, and all apparently standing in spite of every law of gravity. Those which abut on the river are supported by massive baulks of timber, or reared upon piled-up masonry, where, strangely in contrast to the unsubstantial-looking structures above, huge quarried stones, relics of long-past temples, are doing the work of buttresses. Here and there between houses dank passages occur, whence part of the 150,000 beings who form the city's population peer out upon slow-moving time. Every house possesses carved lattice windows, often exquisite in their tracery, carving being an art well adapted to the unchanging East. The prevailing tone is brown, for the water is muddy and the houses unpainted, save that Nature has adorned their sloping roofs with grass, interspersed with flowers. These are at their best in early spring, and long-enduring will be the effect on us who witnessed it of green roofs flaunting scarlet tulips—the large red tulip of the English flower-bed showing scarlet against a radiant Eastern sky! Many a visit did we make to this wonderful chief waterway of the city, where the vendors of cunningly-wrought carvings and the famed

Kashmir embroideries have their abode.

The sunny midday hours are full of charm, with their wondrous effects of light and shade, the dazzling, reflections from mosque and temple, the scintillating play from rustling trees, the restful, leafy back-canals, where merry groups of bathers splash on the great submerged steps. And far away, where a broad stretch of river clears the view, gleams the great mountain barrier.

As for the sunsets; given such a task as this,—to better the day, as sunset ever must,—what a demand upon the resources of Nature! Yet they rise to it, and in doing so carry us, hopeless and helpless in that sweet-bitterness that is the fruit and penalty of appreciation, out of ourselves, away from our interests, our past and our future, incorporate us for a space with the atmosphere of heaven, then buffet us back to earth with a reminder of our smallness. On moonless nights the afterglow makes the day linger on the salient features, while all else fades imperceptibly into night. Twinkling lights begin to glimmer in the shrines and high up in the mysterious dwellings, as quietly this crowded city of the East sinks to rest. And amidst it all how little true appreciation is there, what almost impious disregard! Nature and Time conspire together to produce their choicest marvels, and across the way, in the English visitors' club, a couple of retired colonels, day in day out, discuss their golf handicap, and a bevy of fair dames and maideas, threatened with the awful fate of boredom, strive none too sweetly for the latest crudity in novels. Oh for a Ruskin or a Turner, who with pen and brush would render homage to this charmed city of a charming land!

The English quarter, separated

from the rest of Srinagar by the river and canal, is laid out on a lavish scale, and has a beauty all its own. Besides the club, there is a large hotel, and several churches. A wide expanse of springy turf, level as the proverbial billiard-table, and wholly delightful to weary travellers from the Plains, provides ample space for polo and cricket, while—far more popular than either—a first-rate golf links is thronged throughout the day.

Alas, alas! With greater facilities for travel have come the dress-basket and hat-box. One would not for the world wish the fair sex away, but 'twere excusable to prefer beauty not too much adorned. Frocks, frills, and furbelows, triumphs of Lutetia, amazement of the guileless Kashmiri, make the local tea-fights rival the scene at Ascot. For there are tea-fights and visiting lists, dances and theatricals, and Heaven knows what besides, in this remote preserve of Nature, scandal and tittle-tattle enough to put West Kensington or Brixton to shame! Already the rate of living is going up; and it is only by resolutely leaving your society garb behind, and taking nothing but what is required for "roughing it," that you can benefit in a monetary sense, or hope to become acquainted with the country. Luckily the great majority of men (and many women too) do not go to Kashmir to drink tea and toy with muffins.

The Chenar Bagh—a picturesque stretch of canal that takes its name from the plane-trees that shade it—is reserved for bachelors, and is much patronized by subalterns. Each houseboat has its own station, with pleasant camping-ground, covered in as with an awning by those densely foliaged trees. All through the day this canal is a busy scene of traffic: not traffic that detracts from the quiet and beauty of the scenery, but a ka-

leidoscopic succession of groupings and incidents that is never out of harmony with the surroundings. Graceful *shikaras*—the little boats that carry the sahib when he wishes to get anywhere by water—glide up and down, dodging the barges that, loaded to the water-line with earth and stones, are being poled heavily along. Each of these unwieldy hulks has its rear end covered by a species of rude shelter, the only home and dwelling-place of an entire family, besides a cow, a goat, and dozens of chickens. The available space on deck swarms with babies—little brats that are always in the way, and doted on by their parents. It is pretty to see how the Kashmiri water-folk love their children. The harder the work, and the harder to bear in consequence the teasing of these urchins, the more cheerful do the parents become. I saw an old man, perspiring under his task of poling a heavy barge, stop for a moment to disentangle his two little ones from round his legs, place them chortling with joy on top of the hen-coop, and then return good-humoredly to the guiding of his boat, which, taking advantage of the diversion, had swung across the stream.

Though as a general rule the Kashmiri peasant cannot be accused of neglecting his children, yet he, in common with the natives of all eastern nations, shows undue preference for the boys over the girls. In all cases, if it is a question of one sex suffering, the latter have to go under. One pouring wet day we saw a mite of about five years shivering under her old, much-worn blanket. The mother, miserably clad herself, was standing near her boy. Suddenly this little imp espied his sister, and, rushing to her, he snatched the blanket and wrapped himself in it, leaving her naked. We expected a prompt chastisement to follow and a restitution of conquests,

but there was nothing of the sort. In spite of all this, however, the girls grow up into very fine specimens of womanhood, handsomer than the men, and every bit as hardy.

Within easy reach of the English quarter are the only two heights of Srinagar—the Fort, and the Takht-i-Suleiman or Solomon's Throne. Though of little practical use, the Fort constitutes a splendid adjunct to the view. It is garrisoned by a handful of native troops, and from its crumbling battlements wave the silken folds of the many-colored flag of Kashmir. A few obsolete cannon look sleepily out through the embrasures, and announce in turn the dawn, the middle, and the dusk of days that must mark the tally of their century of life. The other height is a forbidding-looking rock, the only spur on the beauty of the lake over which it frowns. It is crowned by an ancient temple, dedicated to Shiva, the door of which is so placed that on one certain day in the year the rising sun throws its first ray upon the huge polished stone within. Ugly though this hill is, it commands a view of unsurpassed beauty. Below one the vast plain stretches to the foot of the encircling ranges, while the blue river curves and bends in its patient course, tracing across the smiling landscape the famed "shawl-pattern" of Kashmir.

Apart from the sport that the country affords, and which would require a paper to itself to do full justice to, there is no lack of variety in one's life there. Your house-boat is your floating castle, and at any moment you can change the man-made picturesque for that contrived in the great vaults of Nature, and cruise in leisurely fashion towards the vast mountain-ranges, along valleys that seem to rise and open out direct from fairyland. The Vale of Kashmir re-



calls in turn every country that stands for a type of the picturesque. Lift your eyes no higher than your own level and you behold a broad, placid stream moving between banks that are clothed in the richest verdure. A double line of poplars, stretching out of sight, marks the road that leads to the outer world; patches of cultivation, with their quiet contented workers, vary the uniform level of the plain; and small rambling villages, looking as though growing trees assisted in their fashioning, dot the landscape. In places the banks sink almost to the river's brim; and for miles round there stretches a shimmering fen, streaked by the scurrying course—half swim, half flight—of brilliant-feathered wild-fowl. Here and there floating gardens—masses of tangled sedge, water-logged, and fastened with deeply driven stakes—alternate with reedy channels through which the quiet Kashmiri drives his boat. Again the banks rise, and the eye may roam across stretches of pastureland full of dreamy cattle—a chosen race, surely, among the beasts of earth. Drove of absurdly frisking colts, followed demurely by their dams, come down to drink in the river, where they splash and gambol like school-boys.

The midday hours, though hot, have none of the merciless here, for water has conquered fire; and instead of a sun fierce, dominating, and supreme, its province seems to be to make each tint of blue or white or green more exquisite, and the sum total of majestic scenery realize perfectin. Far away across the plain a puff of smoke from the ancient fort tells the hour to lazily watching shepherds, but distance permits no sound. Only the song of birds and the lowing of cattle break the stillness.

Then raise your eyes, and they will meet the clouds,—clouds clinging to

the lower slopes of mountains in whose joyous stages you are rapt to peaks of eternal snow. Giant headlands rear themselves above the billowing vapours, or, shrouded for a space, wage each its solitary warfare with the storm. It is these contrasts—vast, yet all within the compass of one glance—that make Kashmir supreme.

On one such day of changes we floated down the Jhelum from Srinagar to the mouth of the Sind river. As we left the city clouds obscured the view, rain fell in torrents, and wraith-like mists rose from the water. Within an hour the sun had pierced the darkness, "the valley lay smiling before us," and, around, each mountain-range had become the scene of a mighty struggle. Great banks of cloud rolled sullenly away into obscure valleys and ravines, the echo of their warfare reaching us across the sunlit plain.

It is among the kindest of human promptings which makes us long for the company of our nearest and dearest to share with us some great event or scene. Childe Harold feels it when he ends a stanza with the assurance to an absent sister that the glories which he has witnessed

Have strew'd a scene, which I should see  
With double joy wert *thou* with me!

It is the "incommunicable thrill of things," that hopeless striving of the soul to speak to its fellows from behind the bars of its earthly prison,—a yearning which mere words can never satisfy, which in the whole history of our literature they have almost satisfied but once—when Shakespeare wrote his way into the mysterious heart of Nature.

What hope, then, have we that our poor words will convey a distant impression of scenes and feelings we

would fain share with our absent friends? Of what use attempting to describe those Kashmir evenings—evenings that caused the day to end in a very frenzy of beauty? The sunsets came, and endured for a spell-bound space, and then went; and as they faded from the sky death seemed to succeed to what had just been wondrous life. Gigantic ranges that, catching the sun's last rays while the shadows were hurrying up from the valley, stood forth in redoubled splendor, seemed, in a moment, to have forsworn the earth and all its works. Far-off, inaccessible, cold, unreal they were; and we, witnesses of their mighty isolation, might by some strange process have been exploring the world at its creation.

Night came on as we reached the Sind river and tied up to the bank. Above a dark mass of mountain that lay ahead the sky was growing bright, and conversation ceased as we waited for that coming. The dark water reflecting the lustrous stars—their images lengthened by the ripple of the semblance of the sprays of some great laburnum; the long, low line of shore, with its ghostly poplars against the sky; the little village near by, whence sounds of primitive revelry floated to us across the river; and then over all the waning moon, turning all the scene to silver,—everything tended to produce silence and to foster reverie.

What, I thought, of the people that inhabit this strange paradise, whose native land and home it is, and to whom there is scarce a world beyond: simple, poor, unwarlike people, preyed upon through generations by unruly neighbors, taxed to poverty by their rulers; now enjoying peace and a measure of prosperity under our guidance? Into what were they destined to develop? Did they ever entertain vague yearnings for mastery? Did

the uneasy feeling that men spoke of throughout the East, did it find an echo in their breasts? Hardly possible to believe it; and yet there are not wanting English men and women ready and anxious, with a restless pervert zeal, to warp these untutored beings with dreams of power. In the days of Clive and Hastings the stay-at-home busybody could not keep pace with events that happened on the borders of empire. The strong man did his work, secured the results for the nation, and then as like as not went home to face hatred and falsehood. His policy may at times have erred, but it was always firm. And the work was done. But now, cable and luxurious liner scatter foolish interferences throughout the length and breadth of India, and no man dares gainsay them. Was India to point the moral of the new policy of insensate leniency, and to suffer once again the punishment that is now all but forgot? And would these people—children, who should be ruled as such, firmly and fairly—bow again to their hereditary position of dependence?

Or was it that the East was one day to put in motion legions before which our Western civilization would go down with scarce a struggle? Was the religious zeal and firm belief of the Infidel to prevail over a Christianity that had largely fallen into disbelief and mockery? The barbarians laid Rome in ashes; but they saved the precious seed of the Church, and gave it to the world. Might not the process be repeated, but on a scale mightier, as the issues would now be mightier?

Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts! Into what labyrinths of fancy may one not be led by the quiet aloofness of a Kashmir night? All too soon this pleasant holiday will be behind us, and we ourselves journeying the little space allotted to our lives, along

one or other dimly-outlined path. How often, in the retrospect of scenes and old environments, wherein all are

Blackwood's Magazine.

optimists, will the glad thought recur  
*I, too, in Arcady have dwelt!*

P. R. Butler.

## TALK IN A TAXI: A DIALOGUE IN FITS.

*Scene—A Street. He and she are discovered looking for a Taxi-Cab.*

*He.* It's no good waving your parasol when you see they're engaged. You're only—

*She.* Well, you might do something by way of a change. We shall never get one if we both stand like a block of marble. Here's another.

*[A taxi-cab approaches rapidly. She waves her parasol with vigor. In the cab is a fat man wearing a Panama. He blows a kiss in response to the parasol as he is whirled by.]*

*She.* Well, I——! !

*He* (furious). There you are. That's what comes of it. Perhaps you'll believe me another time.

*She.* You never told me there was a fat man in the cab, and you never even hinted he was going to—— *(She pauses.)*

*He.* Going to blow you a kiss? No, I didn't; but we'll let the hideous past bury its hideous ones. Of course, he thought from the way you went on that you were recognizing him.

*She* (in a loud tone of tragic solemnity, aside). I must dissemble. *(To him)* Charles, I adjure you by the memory of the happy days we have spent together, by our home and our children, do not let one light act on my part—— *(She turns away. Sobs choke her utterance.)*

*He.* Oh, you may wave at all the fat men in London if you like. *(Another taxi-cab approaches swiftly. He darts forward.)* Hi! Hi!

*[The cab passes. From within it a resplendent lady in green silk withers him with a look as she flashes by.]*

*She.* I'm afraid it isn't one of your lucky days, dear. But, do tell me, who was that sweet thing in green with the mauve complexion?

*He* (ignoring the taunt). We shall have to chuck it. Let's take a four-wheeler.

*She.* Never. A hansom I wouldn't mind.

*He.* And a hansom I won't have. I'm not a coward really, but I draw the line at hansoms.

*[A third taxi-cab suddenly drops from the sky or rises from the bowels of the earth. They both rush at it. It is empty. They engage it, give an address, and enter it.]*

*He.* Got it at last.

*She.* Yes, my brave husband got it all by his own self. Oh, what an enviable woman I—— *(In alarm)* What is he doing?

*[The driver having extended a warning arm, the taxi grunts violently and begins to back. A motor-bus comes to a standstill within an inch of a collision. An exchange of amenities follows between the taxi-driver and the busman. Finally the taxi is turned, grunts again and proceeds.]*

*He.* A pretty near thing that.

*She.* He's going much too fast. Why, we're half-way up Bond Street already. Oh, oh! Tell me when it's over. *(She covers her face with her hands as the taxi skims round a furniture van, dodges a victoria and avoids a Yorkshire terrier by a hair's-breadth.)* Are we safe?

*He.* Don't know. I can't bear to look.

*She.* Well then I must. *(She un-*

covers her face.) Stop! Stop! He's done it this time. No, we're through. Oh! Let me out.

He. It's no good. We're in for it, and we've got to go through with it. Oh, dash it, this is beyond a joke. (The taxi swings round a corner. He is precipitated against her. There is a slight crash.) There goes your parasol. I'm awfully sorry. Couldn't help it. He's bound to bag that old woman. No, by Jove, missed her!

She. Charles, if I die first, which I shall certainly do in another minute, promise me— (The taxi stops with some suddenness. His hat falls off.) Oh, never mind your hat at such an awful moment. Let's get out quick and run away. (The gears groan again and the

Punch.

taxi goes on.) Thank Heaven, the street's clear for a bit. (A handsome emerges from a side street, but stops just in time.) That was terrible. My mind's giving way.

He. Mine's gone. There are two buses, a brougham and a van ahead of us. If he'll only pick the van, we might— No, we've escaped again. (Wildly.) Where are we? Why don't we get there? Where are we going? (Suddenly they arrive at their destination. They get out hurriedly, pay the man, and enter a shop. Having made their purchases they emerge.)

She (hesitatingly). Shall we take a four-wheeler?

He (with determination). No, not even that. We'll walk. (They do.)

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Let it be said at the beginning that "Anne of Green Gables," by L. M. Montgomery, is not a second Rebecca, for, as there are already some twenty-five "second Rebeccas," without counting the apparently intentional Rebecca Mary, such an introduction might not be a recommendation. Anne Shirley, Anne with an "e," comes from a Nova Scotia orphan asylum to Prince Edward's Island to be informally adopted by an elderly brother and sister to whom she discourses endlessly. "Ten minutes by the clock" is one listener's measure of her eloquence. More than two pages by the eye is the reader's observation, but it is amusing talk, and so entirely American that one fully expects that the inevitable sequel will reveal her American birth. This book leaves her crowned with the highest honors of Queen's College, and showing herself worthy of them by unselfish devotion to the good woman who has sheltered her for five years. She is but sixteen years of age and many

things may yet happen. Meantime, no one who has made her acquaintance is likely to forget her or to neglect the sequel when it arrives. Anne of Green Gables is a girl to remember. L. C. Page & Co.

Once psychology was a word to be left to philosophers, now "pessimist" is no more familiar in the mouths of those who know not what it means than "psychological," and the title of Mr. Edward Alsworth Ross's "Social Psychology," only the other day a deterrent, is now an attraction. The author defines it as "An Outline and Source Book," and notes in the preface that it is the pioneer treatise on the subject. He has for thirteen years been occupied in teaching it, but humbly says that if it be superannuated in ten years it will be well; if it be "a back number" in ten years, it will be better. Meantime, never did a scientific book intended for serious use in colleges, and duly provided with sum-

mary and exercises for each chapter, offer more entertainment for the reader who has attained Gail Hamilton's ambition and is "well-smattered." With newspaper summaries of Lambroso, Nordau, Tarde, the work at the Salpetriere, and other summaries of Dr. Hodgson, Sir Oliver Lodge and Professor Hyslop and a score of others almost weekly, everybody knows the vocabulary of social psychology and everybody is ready to speak of it. The chapter on "The Crowd" and on "The Mob Spirit" find illustration in years when there is no presidential election and the reporter who chronicles a dog fight notes the imitativeness of the opposed crowds backing the two fighters. The book has come at the right moment; it is going to be read. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. W. P. Cresson opens the introduction of his "Persia, the Awakening East" by saying, in substance, that, in spite of Lord Curzon's "Persia," he feels that there may still be room for a work "dealing in a popular fashion with the present condition of the Shah's Empire, and especially with the important events of the last few years." If the English reading public be as ignorant as he thinks that it is, it certainly needs more than one "work." For instance Mr. Cresson feels it necessary to explain with care that the Persians are not still fire-worshippers but are Mohammedans. He thinks that the Babites are an unknown sect, although their faith was fully described by M. Gobineau forty years ago, and sketched by Renan in works not especially reconcilable, to say nothing of Babist missionaries and their converts. But on the other hand, in regard to the small everyday details of travel; the color, and form, and usage which compose the daily life of the Persian, Mr. Cresson is full of information, and he gives a very good account of the sovereign's recent

experience with creating a parliament; he describes Bagdad and Kerbela vividly and pleasantly and his book is illustrated with photographs of many Persian dignitaries and views of many important places. The reader in search of humor will be interested in the mournful cry of the Pennsylvania Dutch foreman in the oil-fields of Baku-Khané. Said he "Vat mit Mohammedan feast days and Russian saints' days ve get no work done at all. Vat we need is a cargo of good missionaries to convert de whole tam lot!" J. B. Lippincott Co.

In spite of the spurious nature of some of the enthusiasm in regard to what is called the Celtic revival, that is to say, the results of the determination of certain Irish writers not to be English, yet above the noisiest self-advertisers may be heard a few clear small voices of genuine song, and the wheat of a few trustworthy annalists is visible amid the chaff of vainglorious boasters. Perhaps the most noteworthy of the bards is Mr. W. B. Yeats, and his plays have done more to persuade the incredulous Saxon that the Celtic revival really exists than the proclamations of all the pretenders. If contemporary Irish writers produce a body of literature sufficiently large to constitute a school, it will be as deeply indebted to him as to the lifelong labor of such veterans as Dr. Hyde. He and his auxiliaries have accomplished for Ireland the task in which the novelists were unsuccessful, in spite of the excellence of much of their work; they have made her poetically interesting to aliens. The three plays in Mr. Yeats's new book, "The Unicorn from the Stars," which gives the volume its title; "Cathleen ni Houlihan" and "The Hour-Glass" have been dictated, not written for the melancholy reason that the author's sight had so far failed him that he feared permanent inability to write

with his hands, but felt that the newly formed little company of Irish players must have plays. His amanuensis, Lady Gregory, is as devoted as he to the hope of making Celtic literature an active force, and he acknowledges indebtedness to her for many of the turns of thought and speech which go far in making the atmosphere of the dramas unlike anything English. All three plays are symbolic, but each has a superficial meaning, so clear and plain that a child could feel it, and all the mundane characters are Irish, and instinct with that intensely individual fancifulness which makes the Irish unmanageable, whether in mass or singly, and sometimes makes the Irishman unmanageable even by himself. "The pity of it" is the note of all three plays. One feels that if even for an instant the personages could be mutually intelligible happiness might be their fortune forever, but the moment never comes. The consummate art with which the pity is wrought to a climax in the first play; the fine touch of reality ending the groping of the last two are specially noteworthy. This book is literature. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Sydney George Fisher's "The Struggle for American Independence" is a work for which its author can expect but few perfectly sympathetic readers among Americans of colonial descent, although it will give no small delight to those disqualified from joining any of the patriotic societies; its aim is to reduce American pride in revolutionary ancestry, by showing that the eighteenth-century American was no glorified saint, but was endowed with all the imperfections of his British cousins and his tory brethren. Further, it aims at proving that, unaided, the Americans would probably have been beaten in the Revolutionary contest, and that they won it at last because Great Britain preferred the abandonment of the colonies to the

risk of losing India. To an American reared in traditions orally derived from patriotic ancestors, and those plously taught in the public schools, the first of Mr. Fisher's intentions will seem little short of flat blasphemy, and the second will be found too humiliating for a moment's acceptance, yet a second, or better still, a third reading of the book will leave him, if not open to perfect conviction, at least ready to admit that his cherished inherited beliefs may have been too uniformly roseate. It must be understood that Mr. Fisher makes no attempt to lower the pedestal of loving and admiring reverence reared for the American conception of Washington, and that the other great leaders, military and civic, suffer nothing at his hands. Indeed, he seizes upon more than one small, neglected merit of the father of his country, and presents it as demanding gratitude and respect, and John Adams, in spite of references to his quick temper, receives many a laudation. It is the unruly citizen, the brave but undisciplined and therefore troublesome soldier; the "patriot" willing to spoil the Egyptian, viz., the loyalist, of property and reputation, whom he would deprive of undeserved lustre. So, after all, the American may find it possible to retreat gracefully from his old position and to accept Mr. Fisher's. Facing the problem of an almost incredible victory won by his ancestors, he has humbly supposed that in order to effect it, they must have been infinitely his superiors, and has not given proper credit to their allies. Considering the struggle between them and the motherland, he has forgotten her multifarious interests, and has fancied king, ministers, peers and commons as thinking only of the colonies. If the American can bring himself to yield without resistance to Mr. Fisher's guidance for a time he will find his mind illuminated, and his reasoning clarified. J. B. Lippincott Co.